

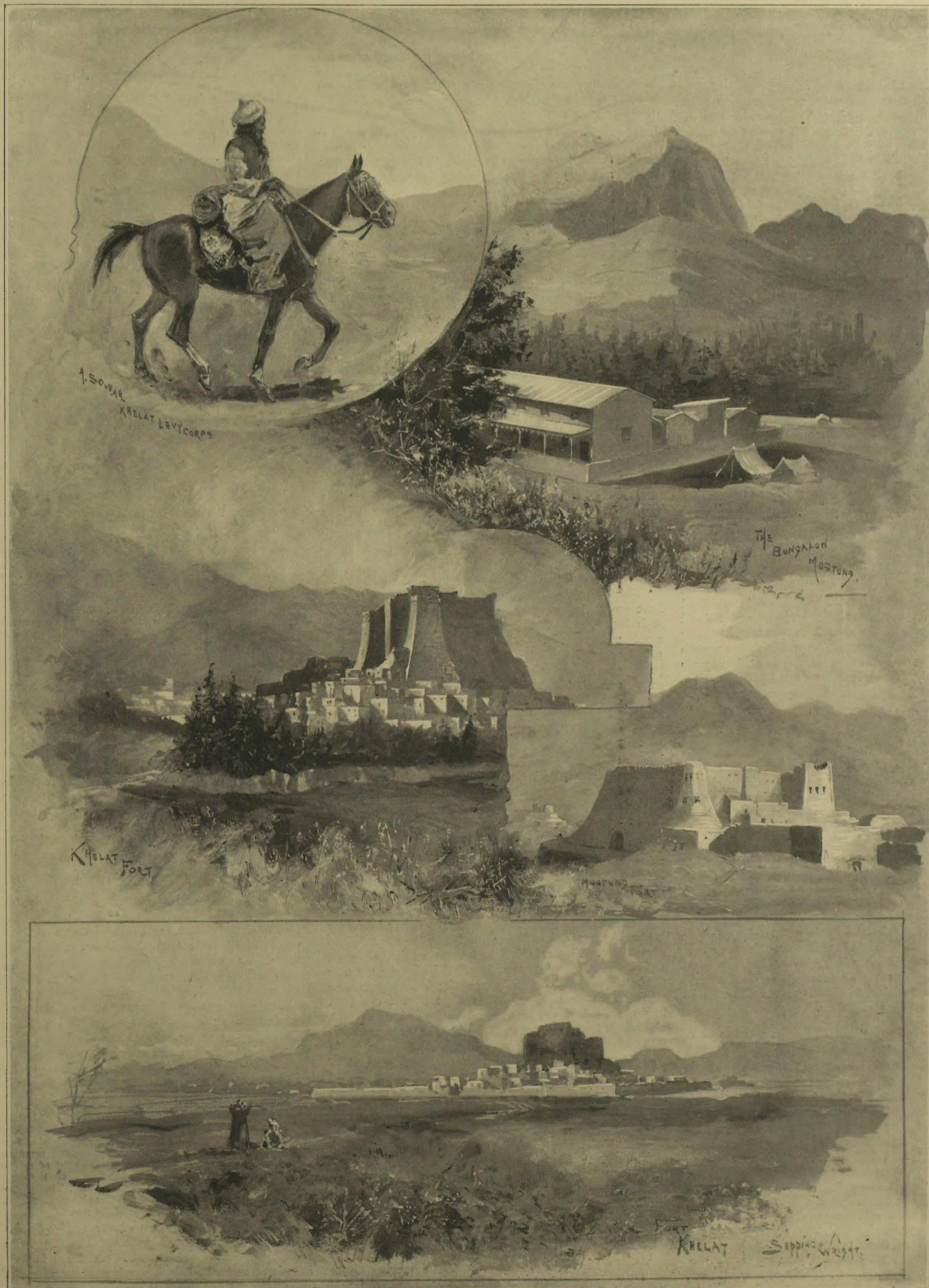
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE BALUCHISTAN DISTURBANCE: VIEWS OF THE DISTRICT OF KHELAT.

From Sketches by Mr. C. A. Cleghorn, Royal Artillery.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN

The two objects which seem at the present moment to be the most desirable, to judge by the constant reference to them in the newspapers and on the platform, are athletics and longevity. To live to a great age, even with half one's faculties and none of one's pleasures, is considered a triumph; but if it could be accomplished while health and strength were retained, no other heaven, it is suggested, need be looked for. It is curious, with so much poetry about, and good poetry (however absurdly overrated), that the general view of life should be so material, but it is so. If one could still get a goal at football, or even take a wicket at cricket, when one was a hundred years old, could it be said that man was lower than the angels? Now as it happens, at one time (*circa* 1638) there really was such a centenarian—a man, that is, who at that age was capable of every enjoyment of youth, and from his birth to his death-day never had an ache or a pain. He was the Honourable William Hastings, son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon, and the account of this "animal of quality," as Leigh Hunt calls him, is to be found, he tells us, in Hutchins' "History of Dorsetshire." He was "very, very strong, and very active, with reddish flaxen hair." His pantry was well stocked with beer, he had many fish-ponds; a bowling-green where were used "round sand bowls," and a "banqueting-house built in a tree." He kept all manner of hounds, "to run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger"; and also hawks, "both long and short winged." He bestowed all his time on these sports, "save what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters, there not being a woman in all his 'walks' of the degree of a yeoman's wife and under forty but it was extremely her fault if he was not intimately acquainted with her." The husband, brother, or father was always welcome at the mansion where he found beef, pudding, and beer at all times. Everything was in the rough, but very plentiful, in the great hall, "strewed with marrow-bones and hung with fox-skins." There was an oyster-table in constant use all the year round. In the parlour there were two books, a Church Bible and the Book of Martyrs; "also two or three old green hats with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant eggs," and a great store of tobacco-pipes. There was a door out of it opening into an old chapel, "in the pulpit of which was never wanting a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, and an apple pye." All the food except the oysters, which came from Poole, was produced from his own estate. He drank a glass or two of wine at meals, but never exceeded. He always dressed in green, "perhaps because it was the colour most about him." He never would alter anything, and even suffered his bowling-green to grow into ridges. He gave himself up entirely to his instincts, and lived almost wholly in the open air. "At the age of a hundred he was able to read and write without spectacles, not better, perhaps," adds his biographer, naïvely, "than he did at fifteen, but as well." His blood had run clear for a century with exercise and natural living, and he hunted to the last. This man may be surely called our Champion Centenarian, nor probably has anyone before or since given himself so entirely to outdoor sports and exercise such as in his time constituted athletics. Yet one can hardly say he was an edifying example of what comes of it all.

The ignorance of the public as exhibited by the beholders of the statue of Boadicea is something stupendous. The policeman in charge is said to be worried about it to the last extremity. He receives "instructions," like a barrister, from the authorities about her before taking his post, but he cannot go beyond his brief, and the great heart of the people, always desirous of information from a policeman, beats unsatisfied. What a satire is this upon our Board Schools, which are supposed to teach so much more than is really requisite! If its scholars know nothing about this famous British heroine, what can they know of eminent historical characters who are not British? Next to teaching nothing there is no instruction more deplorable than educating folks beyond their wits, and neglecting what is comprehensible and necessary. The general impression, probably suggested by her equine associates, is that Boadicea was something connected with the Turf; at one time, perhaps, first favourite for the Oaks. It is a most disgraceful state of things.

The perseverance of malignity is to a student of human nature very remarkable. Vengeance, we all know, is a dish that can be eaten cold; the appetite for it gets all the stronger, in some minds, from its having been delayed; but the continuance of a series of petty persecutions is another matter. Within the last month or so there have been half-a-dozen cases of this kind, most of them consisting in the sending of disgusting or opprobrious postcards to some person disliked by the sender. There seems to be no particular reason for it, save that which made Dr. Fell unpopular, though now and then there may have been some slight cause of offence. One of the most common is that of ceasing to assist some object of benevolence, who, having taken kindnesses as his right, resents their discontinuance. Harold Skimpole, it will be remembered, behaved in this way to his patron in "Bleak House." I knew a case of this kind where the man, finding his supplies

cut off from their usual source, spent money that he could ill afford in publishing a journal filled with the most slanderous abuse of his former benefactor; it was intended to be a periodical, but his funds only sufficed for the first number. Then he got a low-class society paper to print some anonymous slanders, and eventually he took to libellous postcards. It was like a vendetta carried on without a provocation; and, indeed, it was actually pursued into the next generation. There is doubtless a touch of madness about this sort of creature, as in the case of the murder of Mr. Terriss; it seems to come out strongest in the female sex. A woman scorned is notoriously dangerous; but even without that provocation or, indeed, any other, she will spend days and nights in writing injurious postcards, generally to some other woman.

In these days when laughter, even when not "holding both his sides," is considered vulgar, and people take things very seriously, including themselves, it is quite refreshing to have one's little mistakes corrected in a humorous manner. In what seems to me a recent "Note," but which must have appeared some time ago, since the comment upon it is written from "distant Ind," an account was given of some shipwrecked persons who were saved by a pig that took a rope to the shore. It stated that no pig, in all the records of animal instinct, had ever saved a human life in that way before. My Indian correspondent points out that this is an error; the circumstance having been described in a book well known to most of us in boyhood, though in later life rarely referred to—

Pates Conscripti
Took a boat and went to Philippi;
Stormum surgetabat
Et boatum oversetebat.
Omnes drownderunt
Qui swim-away non potuerunt,
Excipe John Periwig
Tied up to the tail of a pig.

My correspondent's memory of this affecting poem is, I think, a little defective, and I can't help him, the work from which the quotation is taken not being among my books of reference.

Falstaff was not only witty himself but the cause of wit in other people. The German Emperor, though not distinguished for that quality, may also congratulate himself on having given the world great amusement. He has, perhaps, never so completely succeeded in his unconscious rôle of Mr. Merriman as in his prosecution of the editor of the German *Punch* for *lèse-majesté*. Think of our Mr. Burnand having two months' incarceration in a fortress—say the Tower—for a political caricature! In *Animal Land*, now delighting us every week, there are unmistakable portraits of the most eminent individuals, none of whom, one may venture to say, feels his dignity in any way injured by the fun made of him. Yet this stuck-up, inflated young Emperor cannot bear the expression of the ridicule which he has himself created. He seems to have been born without the least particle of humour, and never to have acquired any. There are some cases, however, when it is better to be in this condition than to have a rudimentary sense of it. This is generally evidenced by acts of riskiness or mischief. In the lower ranks of intelligence people point guns at their sweethearts; this they think great fun, when not succeeded by a coroner's inquest. Another set of budding humorists find it excruciatingly funny to send our overworked and short-handed Fire Brigade on a fool's errand. In the report recently issued by the Brigade we read that during last year there were no less than 363 malicious false alarms—one for every night in the year. Let us hope that if humour ever begins to awake in the heart of the Kaiser, it will not take these crude forms. From the latest accounts we have of Peter the Great, it is dangerous, when rudimentary, in Emperors.

A medical authority has been laying down some sanitary rules for smokers which are excellent. Never to smoke before breakfast, nor at any time on an empty stomach, is one of them. Still, when explorers and others are in tight places as regards a supply of provisions, they tell us that tobacco is meat and drink to them, and the same testimony is given by wounded soldiers neglected by the commissariat department. Never to inhale tobacco smoke, as is the foolish custom of "fancy smokers." The longer the pipe the better, especially when doing work; but a pipe is more wholesome than a cigar, and a cigar than a cigarette. These last, indeed, are pronounced distinctly harmful, and also one-fifth of every cigar. When you have smoked four-fifths of it, it should be thrown away. All this is good; but, strange to say, there is not a word about the kind of tobacco to be smoked. It is as though we should be advised to take but a glass or two of alcoholic drink, without mentioning whether it should be beer or brandy. I have often noticed this omission in medical advice to smokers.

Among the new methods for benefiting the finances of Italy is to be the sale of titles, which seem to be going extraordinarily cheap when one considers what is (indirectly) paid for them in this country. It is proposed that anyone can become a Prince who is willing to pay £1600; a Marquis is going for £1000, and a Count for £800. A coat-of-arms, on the other hand, which you can't wear, costs £40. Will anybody lend me £1600 and make me "happy, as a Prince"? The one thing I have always longed for is to be a Serene Highness, and this

really seems my only chance. "Your Excellency" is good, though applied to far less important persons, but if I could hear anybody call me "Your Serenity," I should feel that I had "warmed both hands at the fire of life and was ready to depart."

Golfers appear greatly exercised (in their minds) by the agitation of the caddies for a higher wage. At Blackpool they have struck against ninepence for two hours, which, it has been pointed out, is, for a day of eight hours, nearly £50 a year. This is a very good income for a boy of fourteen or so, and one which is not earned by many youths much older and in much higher ranks of society. It is, moreover, lightly and pleasantly earned, and requires no education or preliminary expense of any kind. On the other hand, a caddie seldom finds work for eight hours, even in the summer-time and fine weather, while in winter he is rarely employed at all. Again, his calling leads to nothing: unless he turns out to be an exceptionally good player, and becomes a "professional," he remains always a caddie. I think, too, that when we are taking our pleasure, we should be generous to those who minister to it, and not be too strictly governed by economical laws.

It is seldom indeed, though we have had at least one famous novel without a hero, that we have had one without a heroine; and almost without precedent, except, perhaps, in the case of "Robinson Crusoe," that there should be no woman in it at all. Yet this is absolutely the case in "The Nigger of the *Narcissus*." When Mr. Clark Russell writes his stories of the sea, he is so far complaisant to his readers as to admit a petticoat on board, even at the risk of contravening the Queen's Regulations. But Mr. Conrad is more hard-hearted or more truthful. If his readers are not content with his ships and his ships' crews, they may land and leave him. Such is his skill, however, as a descriptive writer of high rank and also as a (hitherto unsuspected) humorist that they are well content to remain with him throughout the voyage. In his realism he almost equals Zola. His ordinary *dramatis personæ*, the common sailors, are generally worthless personages, yet it is among them that the interest of the story—if there can be said to be a story—centres. The captain of the merchantman is honest and sturdy but unattractive, his officers loyal but without much distinction as to character; it is to the tenants of the forecastle, dissatisfied, half-mutinous, and quaintly humorous, that the book owes its attraction. The coming on board of the new hands in Bombay harbour is inimitably described. Donkin, at once the wet blanket and the firebrand of the ship, is the worst of them—

"Well," he observes, in a squeaky voice, "it's a 'omeward trip, anyhow. Bad or good, I can do it hall on my 'ed—s' long as I get 'ome. And I can look after my rights! I will show 'em!" All the heads turned towards him. Only the ordinary seaman and the cat took no notice. He stood with arms akimbo, a little fellow with white eyelashes. He looked as if he had known all the degradations and all the furies. He looked as if he had been cuffed, kicked, rolled in the mud; he looked as if he had been scratched, spat upon, pelted with unmentionable filth . . . and he smiled with a sense of security at the faces around. His ears were bending down under the weight of his hard felt hat. The torn tails of his black coat flapped in fringes about the calves of his legs. He unbuttoned the only two buttons that remained, and everyone saw that he had no shirt under it. It was his deserved misfortune that those rags which nobody could possibly be supposed to own looked on him as if they had been stolen.

There is also a nigger of six feet three, in a consumption, who trades upon his ailment, can do but little work, and hates to do any, who is more demoralising even than Donkin. It is difficult to imagine how a person of this kind, being, moreover, of the wrong colour, should obtain sympathy from so rough a lot as the crew of the *Narcissus*: but he does it. The way in which this huge malingering (for though ill he pretends to be worse) is petted and indulged by his mate Belfast, as though he were a baby, and the attempts at his conversion by the Scotch cook, are exceedingly amusing. Singleton, the white-bearded old sailor, true to his trust, "a sixty-year-old child of the mysterious sea," yet whose favourite reading is "Pelham," is a fine creation. Never in any book with which I am acquainted has a storm at sea been so magnificently yet so realistically depicted; the description extends over many pages with a dreadful but far from wearisome monotony. At times there is the same sort of poetic power in the book that is manifested by Victor Hugo; at others it treats matters in the most practical and common-sense manner, though always with something separate about it which belongs to the writer. What can be better than this picture of the modern scalliwag of the sea?—

We all know him: the man that cannot steer, that cannot splice, that dodges his work on dark nights; that, aloft, holds on frantically with both arms and legs, and swears at the wind, the sleet, the darkness; the man who curses the sea while others work; the man who is the last out and the first in when all hands are called; the man who can't do most things, and won't do the rest. The pet of philanthropists and self-seeking landlubbers. The sympathetic and deserving creature that knows all about his rights, but knows nothing of courage, of endurance, and of the unexpressed faith, of the unspoken loyalty, that knits together a ship's company. The independent offspring of the ignoble freedom of the slums, full of disdain and hate for the austere servitude of the sea.

There is surely the very type of our marine trash. The fine examples are described with equal skill. It does not seem too much to say that Mr. Conrad has in this book introduced us to the British merchant seaman, as Rudyard Kipling introduced us to the British soldier.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

A military disaster has befallen the Fourth Brigade of the British Indian Army in the Khyber Pass and the Bara Valley, notwithstanding its defeat of most of the Afridi tribes, who may now possibly be emboldened to renew their warfare at the commencement of spring. On Saturday Brigadier-General Westmacott moved from Mamani, in a plan combined with movements of the three other brigades, from Fort Ali Musjid, Jamrud, and Bara, to drive away the people who were grazing their cattle on the Kajari plain, in order to compel the submission of their tribe by stopping their supplies. A column of his force, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Seppings, comprising the 2nd Battalion of the South Yorkshire Light Infantry, four companies of Sikhs of the 36th Bengal Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel John Haughton, and two guns, marched from Ali Musjid through the Chora Pass. Becoming entangled in a gorge near Shin Kamar, where the high ridge above the Kotal or summit of the Pass was held by a strong band of the enemy, this column had to fight half the day under much disadvantage, and in the afternoon was compelled to retire. Its rearguard suffered rather heavy losses; Colonel Haughton and Lieutenant A. H. Turing, with three men of the Sikh Regiment, Lieutenant M. R. Walker, T. P. Dowdall, and E. St. George Hughes, with five English soldiers of the South Yorkshire Regiment, were killed; Major H. Earle, Second Lieutenant G. C. Hall, and thirty-one of the English soldiers wounded; a dozen others missing. The column was relieved and extricated about five o'clock by the advance of General Westmacott, who has since been reinforced from the brigade at Bara.

We give portraits of several of the latest of England's gallant soldiers to lay down their lives in the present disastrous campaign. Colonel Haughton had already played a distinguished part in the campaign, and his spirited lead of the 36th Sikhs in a reconnaissance near the Saran Ridge, and in other actions, will not soon be forgotten in Anglo-Indian Army annals. Lieutenant Malcolm Reginald Walker joined the Army ten years ago and became a Lieutenant in 1891, and Lieutenant Thomas Percy Dowdall received his commission in 1889, and served with the Zhob Expedition of the following year. Of younger service, but of no less promise as an officer, was Lieutenant Arthur H. Turing, who was originally in the Royal Fusiliers, but was attached to the 36th Sikhs as wing officer in 1891. Lieutenant Turing was for several years a leading member of Bedford School, where he distinguished himself both as a scholar and as an oarsman. To all four officers may be paid General Westmacott's telegraphed tribute to one of their number, Lieutenant Dowdall, "He died as a soldier should, deeply regretted by us all."

Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Palmer has succeeded Sir William Lockhart in the chief command.

In Baluchistan, Colonel Mayne's force, only four hundred men with two guns, at Pasni, has not yet found itself strong enough to advance farther to the Mekran district, where the Nazim or Governor for our ally the Khan of Khelat is in a position threatened with attack. Reinforcements are sent by sea from Karachi. A steamer laden with contraband arms and ammunition has been seized on the coast.

THE PLAGUE IN BOMBAY.

After being held in check for some time, though never completely routed, the plague, which lately devastated North-Western India, has burst forth again with peculiar malignancy in Bombay and Poona, and the number of deaths from its effects in those centres last week reached the alarming total of six hundred and fifty-one. Every precaution that medical science can employ in checking the ravages of the epidemic is now being taken by the authorities, and efforts stronger than ever are being made to cope with the disease. The chief sanitary measures promoted while the last outbreak of the plague was at its worst have never, indeed, been relaxed. One of these, the house-to-house visitation by members of the various local committees then formed, is illustrated in the sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, which we publish this week. Between 7 a.m. and 10 a.m. every day for the last twelve months the President of the Local Committee for the native quarter here illustrated has gone his rounds accompanied by a native doctor. Information is obtained from paid spies as to where sufferers from the plague or the dead bodies of the victims are concealed, owing to the reluctance of their families to submit to quarantine, and each day a certain number of streets are closed by the police and a house-to-house visitation made.

Mr. Prior writes that he was much struck by the readiness with which men, women, and children submit to medical inspection, holding out their wrists for the feeling of the pulse, and doing all in their power to facilitate the doctor's work. This, of course, applies to the healthy only, for the concealment practised by the plague-stricken themselves is one of the chief hindrances of the work of prevention.

THE CRETAN QUESTION.

It seems probable that the vexed question of the future government of the distressful island of Crete is at last within sight of settlement. A very general

opinion prevails that Prince George of Greece will be appointed Governor of the island by the Powers, Germany having agreed to fall in with the proposal, which now lacks only the co-operation of Austria for its definite fulfilment. A certain portion of the Mohammedan population of the island is, it is true, strongly opposed to Prince George's appointment, but other equally orthodox Mohammedan Cretans are anxiously in favour of it, in the interests of peace and prosperity, and it is thought that the opposition draws its inspiration chiefly from the Sultan's Court. Meantime, the Ambassadors of the Powers are engaged at Constantinople upon the scheme for the new government of Crete, and the officers of the International Forces, of whom we reproduce a portrait-group, are doing their best to maintain order in Canea and throughout the island.

ENGLISHMEN CAPTURED BY MOORS.

A party of Englishmen organised by the Globe Venture Syndicate, a company recently formed in London for mining operations on the Sus coast of Morocco, opposite the Canary Isles, has come into conflict with the troops of the Sultan of Morocco. It appears that the English expedition, helped by disaffected natives, took possession of the port of Arksis, but was interrupted in the landing of stores and ammunition by the Shereefian steamer *Al Hassani*, acting in conjunction with a land force. The Englishmen refused to acknowledge the right of the Moorish authorities to interfere, and fired upon the Shereefian boat from their vessel, the *Tourmaline*, to

which, under the present system, settles down upon everything on board, entailing a large expenditure of elbow grease before her Majesty's ships regain their habitual appearance of the smartest vessels afloat.

BEAR-HUNTING IN THE ROCKIES.

(See Supplement.)

It may be that "Old Ephraim" is in real life dying out, but that does not very much matter. To the schoolboy, at any rate, he is immortal, thanks to our Cooper, Ballantyne, and Kingston. Long after the last trapper shall have fired his last shot at the last grizzly "bar" of the Rockies, this four-footed occasion of hairbreadth 'scapes will live. If new romances of the Wild West be called for, there he will still flourish; and a new race that knows not Jacques Caradoc, Gibault Noir, Charley Kennedy, Mahogany Drake, March Marston, and Bertram—if such a race be possible—will still read of them under other names, and will follow them, breathless, while they make the tiresome portage, kill their supper, smoke by the camp-fire, and sleep in their blanket dreaming of fresh struggles with the wilderness and its terrors. What a story of adventure would be without the grizzly is almost too distressing a speculation to be undertaken. The noble red man when hostile may supply fine opportunity for the cool hand and steady eye, but commend us to "an 'appy day with Ephraim on the 'op" (to parody Fuzzywuzzy) for the genuine joy of school-days. Then it was that Jacques Caradoc would reload "with every motion of his hands rapid indeed, but giving you the idea that if need were, he could do it even faster,"

and the bear would tumble down the slope while short-sighted Hamilton was fumbling with his priming. And after it was all over we had Caradoc's quiet sarcasm at the clerk's expense, and we felt how much better we would have done it ourselves. So it is to be young!

MUSIC.

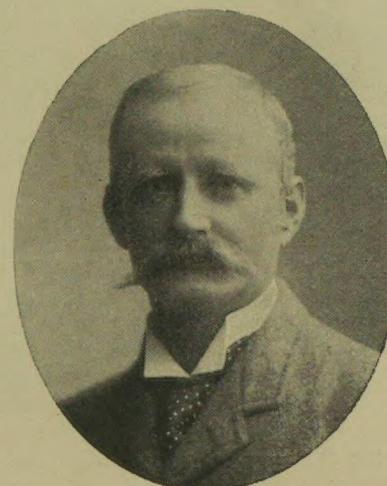
The Royal College of Music is venturesome and ambitious, perhaps more ambitious than is altogether consistent with artistic modesty, when it was decided that the students of that college should give for their public annual performance at the Lyceum no less a work than Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Scarcely realising that this is a composition of the most difficult kind to act, to sing, and to play, these students attacked it with a good-humour and an irresponsibility that made one dumb with surprise. It is, of course, highly desirable that students of singing and music should be made intimately acquainted with productions that rank among the greatest revelations of the world's genius, and in the privacy of their class-rooms it is well that they should learn to perform it to the best of their ability; but to make "Don Giovanni" the occasion of a public appearance, challenging Mozart to show cause, as it were, why he should not be sung by students of the Royal College of Music, was something in the nature of audacity, to put the matter mildly. The fate that overtook the two young singers who took the parts of Donna Elvira and Donna Anna, is, perhaps, as significant as anything could be of the result of that rashness. At the outset both Miss Gleeson White and Miss Edna Ryan showed to some advantage with fresh young voices: by degrees the music pressed and pressed them until, towards the end of the first act in the famous and exacting trio, they were simply beaten out of the field; by which we mean that the difficulties of the music were too much for these hard-working young singers.

For the rest, the students struggling against odds so terrible bore up so bravely as to extort one's pitying admiration. Mr. Ivor Foster, the Don, and Miss

Eleanor Jones, the Zerlina, acted with an almost uncanny theatrical accomplishment. Mr. Foster has a big voice, and, with practice, seems destined to make some career, at all events on the operatic stage. Miss Eleanor Jones has quite a sweet voice, and this pair made one or two of the occasional episodes quite neat and charming, particularly the famous love-making scene, culminating in the celebrated duet, "La ci darem." The chorus was intelligent and educated, and the orchestra played with care and refinement under Professor Stanford's baton.

The ballad concerts under Messrs. Boosey and Co. were resumed on the Wednesday of last week at the Queen's Hall, when the usual lavish programme was performed by the usual large array of famous singers, including Miss Clara Butt, Miss Louise Dale, Miss Ada Crossley, and Miss Susan Strong for ladies; and Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Plunket Greene, Mr. Jack Robertson, and others for men. The concert had its usual good qualities and defects, some charming songs, and some drawing-room ballads of a most inferior merit. Mr. Stephen Adams played the accompaniments of his own songs, among which were "Idle Words" and "The Maid of Malabar."

On the Thursday evening of last week, at the Albert Hall, the Royal Choral Society's Haydn's "Creation" was given under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge. The soloists were Miss Palliser, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Andrew Black; and, because of the large amount of work entrusted to the care of these excellent vocalists, who were in their best forms, the performance was a thorough success. Miss Palliser always sings well at the Albert Hall, but we have rarely heard her to so great an advantage as on this particular occasion. Mr. Black is always superb, and he tackled this classic music with intense feeling and wonderful appreciation.



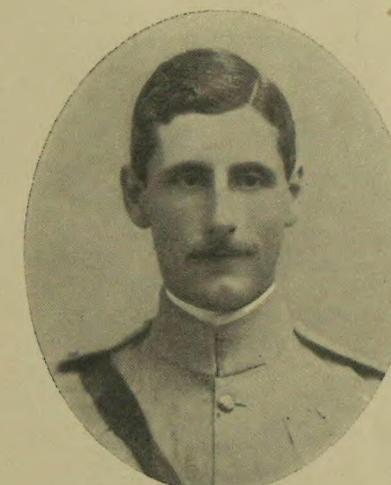
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN HAUGHTON.



LIEUTENANT ARTHUR H. TURING.



LIEUTENANT MALCOLM R. WALKER.



LIEUTENANT THOMAS PERCY DOWDALL.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: OFFICERS KILLED IN THE BRITISH REVERSE NEAR SHIN KAMAR, KHYBER PASS.

prevent the capture of one of her boats. A number of Moors were killed, but the English boat was captured before she could reach the *Tourmaline*, and four Englishmen and an interpreter were taken prisoners. The promoters of the Globe Venture Syndicate maintain that the members of their expedition were within their right in landing stores or arms at Arksis, since they were acting in conjunction with the tribesmen of Sus, who claim to be entirely independent of the Sultan, and acknowledge only the sovereignty of Sidi Ben Hassan, King of Sus.

THE COALING OF THE CHANNEL FLEET.

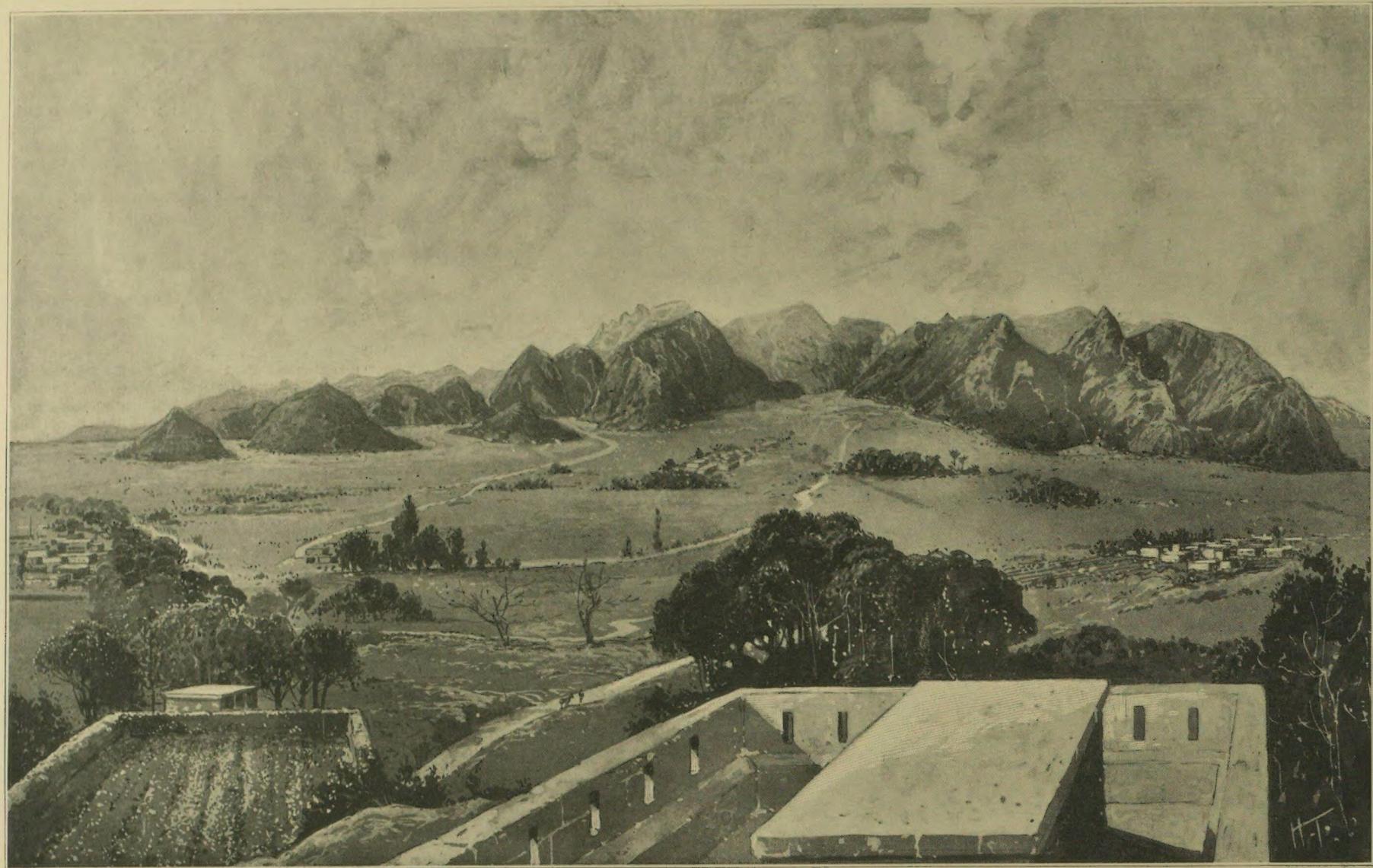
Whether typical or not, the system of coaling war-ships as carried out at Portsmouth the other day, in the case of the Channel Fleet, seems to call for considerable improvement. The coal was brought alongside in lighters much lower in the water than the level of the battle-ships' decks; the consequence was that the coal had first to be put in sacks, then hauled up by a steam-derrick either on the lighter or by the vessel's own derrick, and then lowered again; but before that could be done it had to pass up the arm of the slanting derrick so as to land over the deck. All this took considerable time, and after it was done the sacks of coal had to be carried or wheeled by trucks to the coal-bunkers. In these days of triumphant engineering skill such a method strikes the lay mind as at least remarkably primitive in its simplicity and in the loss of time involved. What is wanted is not coal in sacks, but a continuous stream of coal passing on board, there to be dealt with by the trimmers in the bunkers. A slide down which the coal could be shot, as in the coaling system in use at such centres as Newcastle and Sunderland, would seem to be a consummation devoutly to be wished at Portsmouth, even were it only to do away with the thick coating of coal-dust

Tangi Pass. Held by enemy.
Taken by force under General Blood.

Pirsai Pass. Very difficult. Not held by enemy.
Used by troops under Colonel Adams.

Mālindri Pass. Held in force by enemy.
but taken by General Blood.

Umbeyla Pass.
Scene of fighting in 1863.



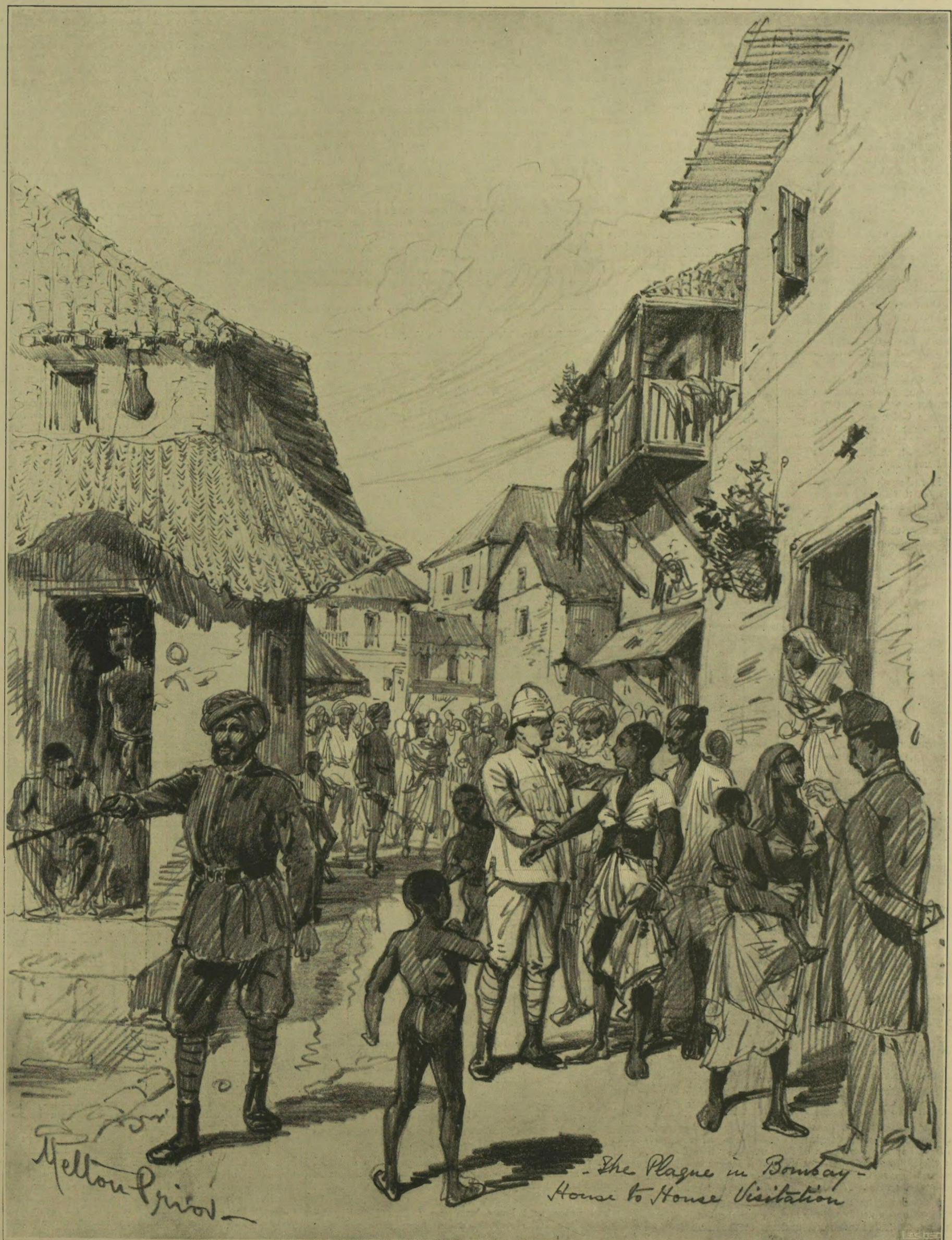
THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: VIEW OF THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS AGAINST THE BONERWALS UNDER GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD,
ILLUSTRATING THE MAIN PASSES INTO THE DISTRICT.

From a Sketch by Surgeon-Captain C. R. Stevens.



Capt. Jedina Major Jameson Col. Koraleff Captain Amoretti, Col. Famin Col. Brusati
(Austrian). (British). (Russian). (French). (Italian).
International Forces.

THE CRETAN QUESTION: OFFICERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FORCES NOW AT CANEA.



THE PLAGUE IN BOMBAY: THE PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL COMMITTEE AND AN INDIAN DOCTOR ON THEIR DAILY ROUND IN THE NATIVE QUARTER.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, has been accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, and has had Princess Louis of Battenberg as her guest. Prince Adolphus of Teck visited the Queen on Friday. Her Majesty, on Jan. 25, received several gentlemen upon whom she conferred the honour of knighthood. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, arrived next day, and dined with her Majesty. Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour and Lady Culme-Seymour were guests at dinner on Friday. The Queen, on leaving Osborne, goes to Windsor Castle until March 8, the date of her intended departure for the South of France. On Jan. 26 Princess Henry of Battenberg went to visit the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, and kindly cheered the sick or wounded soldiers who have returned from the Indian Frontier War.

It is announced that a Levée will be held by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of the Queen, on Feb. 21, at St. James's Palace, and there will be a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on Feb. 25.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, at Sandringham, were visited from Saturday to Monday by the Russian Ambassador and by Mr. A. J. Balfour. The Bishop of Peterborough was also visiting their Royal Highnesses. The Duke and Duchess of York were at Sandringham.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, with his son Prince Alfred, arrived at Cairo on Jan. 27. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are at Nice, and the Duke of Cambridge at Rome.

On Saturday Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, visited the Westminster Hospital, and inspected the wards, the out-patients' department, and the operating-theatre.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers, Lord Salisbury presiding, was held at the Foreign Office on Jan. 27 to arrange the business of the approaching Session of Parliament. Another was held next day.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, at the annual dinner of the Birmingham Jewellers' Association on Saturday, made a speech presenting a confident view of political prospects. He addressed on Monday the Liberal Unionists of the Edgbaston constituency on the choice of a successor to Mr. George Dixon. On the other side, Sir Henry Fowler, at Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, on Friday predicted future success for the Liberal party; while Mr. John Morley, at Sterling, with Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, upheld the Opposition cause, and discredited the action of Government. Political discussion, however, has seemed rather to languish since the recent elections; but several other contests in towns and counties are still pending.

The Duke of Devonshire, being Mayor of Eastbourne as well as President of the Council and of the Government Department of Education, on Saturday addressed a meeting in that town concerning the local

examinations of the science and art classes of students, recommending a more uniform and effective adaptation of private school teaching to that part of the work. The Speaker of the House of Commons on Jan. 27 in Grocers' Hall, London, distributing prizes to students of the City and Guilds Technical Institute, had also to urge the need of secondary education and special instruction. Sir Bernhard Samuelson has been elected President of the Association of Technical Institutions.

Some activity begins to be manifested in preparing for the London County Council election. On Jan. 27 Lord Carrington presided in St. James's Hall over a meeting of the Progressive party, supported by Lord Tweedmouth and others, protesting by anticipation against the expected Government legislative proposals for the division of London into several municipal boroughs.

A disastrous fire, causing loss of life and severely injuring many persons, took place on Saturday at Newcastle in the oil and grease works of Messrs. Mawson and Clark. By the explosion of a tank of oil a steel ladder was hurled across the street, killing two men, and others had their clothes set on fire. Nearly fifty were more or less hurt.

The premature explosion of a cartridge in a six-inch quick-firing gun on board the *Bouncer* gun-boat at the Nore, on Jan. 26, killed two men, and six others were injured by it.

An official inquiry ordered by the Local Government Board has been opened at Maidstone, with regard to the contamination of water as the cause of the recent epidemic of typhoid fever.

Lord William Nevill has been committed by the Bow Street police magistrate for trial upon the charge of fraudulently deceiving Mr. Spender Clay, and obtaining thereby his signature to promissory notes for nearly £11,000.

The French Chamber of Deputies on Monday was occupied with the Navy Estimates, which have been raised to nearly eleven millions and a half sterling, for this year, with future expenditure, to 1905, of a total amounting to 800,000,000 francs, while M. Lockroy and other critics of the administration complain that France is crippled and feeble at sea. The personal scandals in the army and the War Office engage much more public notice.

The German Emperor's fortieth birthday was celebrated at Berlin on Jan. 27 with grand Court festivities, and his Majesty is extolled by national patriotism as the energetic author of a new policy of maritime and commercial conquests in the Far Eastern Asiatic world.

Spain and the United States of America continue to play a curious game of alternate diplomatic expressions of mutual respect and irritating naval movements in the region of the Spanish West Indies. The Cuban insurgents still maintain a fighting attitude, but active hostilities consist mainly of sallies and skirmishes to seize and kill notable commanding officers on either side.

The 27th Bombay Infantry, sent from India on account of the trouble in the Uganda Protectorate, arrived at Mombasa in the middle of December, and are shown encamped there in our Illustrations on another page. The Punjabi contingent had already left Mombasa for Kikuyu, and is now making good progress up country. The regiment has since moved in four detachments to Ndi, 110 miles up the railway, where there is good water and where the men were likely to remain for some time owing to want of transport. Heliographic communication can, however, be easily established with the

Lieut. H. F. Fisher. Lieut. C. C. Macdonald.

Lieut. T. Peiham Johnson.



THE REINFORCEMENTS FOR UGANDA: OFFICERS OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS APPOINTED TO UNDERTAKE THE FORMATION OF A BULLOCK-TRANSPORT SYSTEM TO LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.

interior, as there is a good road all the way up country. The railway telegraph wire has already been pushed ahead of the rails, and is now at Kibwezi, 190 miles from Mombasa, the seventy miles advance having been carried out in sixteen days under the able direction of Mr. Stallibrass, the telegraph superintendent of the Railway Administration.

Some opposition appears in the Cape Colony Parliament to the gift of a ship, at its expense, to the British Navy, promised by Sir Gordon Sprigg here at the Queen's Jubilee. There is an alternate proposal: to vote £25,000 yearly for a submarine cable between England and the Cape, by the line of St. Helena and Ascension, touching no foreign ground.

The Basuto rebellion in South Africa has been ended by the surrender of Masupha, the hostile chief, at Thaba Bosigo, loyal native tribes having given considerable aid to the colonial forces employed against him.

One of the mail steam-boats plying to the Channel Islands, and which was named the *Channel Queen*, was wrecked off Guernsey early on Tuesday morning, with sad loss of life.

The notes sent home from the Indian Frontier by the late Sir H. Havelock-Allan have appeared this week in the *Daily Mail*, and they are not agreeable reading. "The whole thing," he writes of the war against the Afridis, "has been a dead failure, from being undertaken on too small a scale. Like every other blunder, this will be a costly mistake," adds the shrewd North-countryman; "and a strict account ought to be demanded in Parliament of so deplorable a failure." Sir Henry, being a supporter of the present Government, is not using the rhetoric of a political partisan, and that is why, when Parliament meets next week, great weight will attach to his "last words."

PERSONAL.

Prince George of Greece, if he is a humorist, must find no small entertainment in his present position. The Czar is understood to have given a personal pledge to make the Prince Governor of Crete, and he is certainly pressing the matter at Constantinople with a pertinacity that alarms the Sultan. Abdul Hamid cannot understand why he should consent now to a measure which the Turks invaded Greece for the purpose of preventing. The incongruity is plain, but that is one of the many charms of the Concert of Europe. Germany, it is said, will not oppose the Russian project if it is persisted in, and Austria, though hostile to Prince George's claims, may yield to pressure. The Sultan may defy Russia, but that does not seem probable.

Mr. Gladstone's health has improved, the neuralgic pains having abated. The secret of the mischief is a slight inflammation in one of the jaws, which so far has refused to yield entirely to medical treatment. Mr. Gladstone is not able to read with the same assiduity as of old; but his mental vigour and his interest in affairs show no decline.

Mr. Chamberlain has healed another split in the Unionist camp at Birmingham. By the death of Mr. George Dixon the Edgbaston seat is vacant, and it is claimed by the Conservatives of the division in accordance with the local compact of 1895. The Liberal Unionists are indignant at the idea that Mr. Dixon should be succeeded by a Conservative, but they have yielded to Mr. Chamberlain's pressure.

The Bishop of London has reversed the policy of his predecessor, Dr. Temple, by licensing the Rev. Stewart Headlam for canonical service in the London diocese. Many years ago Dr. Headlam was, so to speak, unfrocked by Dr. Temple because of his views about the ballot. Bishop Creighton does not see why a parson who happens to be interested in the art of dancing should not perform clerical duties.

Count William Bismarck is a blood-and-iron man, like his father. His wife gave a ball, and turned the office of Herr Manbach, a high Prussian official, into a cloak-room without his leave. He expressed his displeasure, and Count William Bismarck challenged him to a duel, and wounded him rather severely. The cloak-room is usually an inoffensive place, but it is dangerous in Prussia.

Lord Carlingford, who left town only a week earlier to reach Hyères by easy stages, took the influenza at Avignon and died on Sunday night at Marseilles. The son of Colonel Chichester Fortescue, he was born in County Louth in 1823. Going to Christ Church, Oxford, he had a respectable University career, winning, among other minor distinctions, the Chancellor's prize for an English essay on the Norman Conquest. When he entered Parliament for his native county in 1847—a seat he held till the two last figures reversed themselves, 1874—the same

measure of moderate but substantial success attended him. After filling various Under Secretaryships, he twice took a seat in the Gladstone Cabinet as Irish Chief Secretary; and he served also as President of the Board of Trade, as Lord President of the Council, and Lord Privy Seal. In 1874 he was raised to the Upper House, in which, at a later period, he severed his former close political bonds from Mr. Gladstone by voting against Home Rule. To the Clermont peerage Lord Carlingford succeeded several years ago; and now the two baronies, won by the two brothers, become extinct. The body of Lord Carlingford and Clermont has been brought home for burial at Cheriton Priory, his Somersetshire property.

Lord Carlingford, besides his own importance, wore a certain reflected glory as the husband of Countess Waldegrave, whose brilliant social position in London, and as the mistress of Strawberry Hill, he shared and increased. This popular lady, who died in 1879, was the daughter of John Braham, the baritone singer. Her first husband was Mr. Waldegrave, her second the Earl of that name, her third George Granville Harcourt, eldest son of an Archbishop of York, and her fourth the politician and peer who has just died. In allusion to her considerable matrimonial experience, a story is told of an occasion in which, during her last husband's tenure of office as Irish Chief Secretary, she appeared in a box in a Dublin theatre. "Lady Waldegrave, which of the four did you like best?" called out an audacious Celt. The question was a trying one, but she was equal to it. "Why, the Irishman, of course," was the reply which brought down the house.

Mr. James H. M. Campbell, Q.C., newly returned as member for the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin by a majority of 138 votes over Count Plunkett, was born in 1851, the son of a Chief Superintendent of Dublin police. Educated in the first place at Kingstown School, he entered

Trinity College, Dublin, in 1870, and had there a brilliant career. Called to the Bar in 1878, he joined the North-East Circuit, and has enjoyed for some years one of the largest practices at the Irish Bar.

The late Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick D. Middleton, K.C.M.G., C.B., had occupied the position of Keeper of the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London since 1896. His previous record had been one of great distinction. In 1848, at the age of twenty-three, he was appointed Lieutenant in the 3rd Light Dragoons, and served in the Maori War, in India during the Mutiny, and suppressed the half-breed revolt in Canada in 1885. In India he took a distinguished part at the taking of the Oude forts and at the siege and capture of Lucknow, for which he earned frequent mention in despatches. His Majority was conferred for conspicuous service at the storming of the Martinière. Apart from purely warlike duty, the late Sir Frederick was, while Lieutenant-Colonel, for four years Commandant and Secretary of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, which post he held from 1870 to 1874. In the latter year he was promoted to be Colonel, and at his retirement in 1887 he held the rank of Lieutenant-General. In India he had acted as Deputy-Judge-Advocate. The deceased officer was universally popular, and at the Tower, where his last duties lay, he will be regretted by his subordinates, who held him in the highest respect and esteem. Sir Frederick died at his official residence in St. Thomas's Tower, on Jan. 24.

Mr. George Aitchison, who has been elected a member of the Royal Academy, dates his Associateship from the year 1881. His father before him was a George Aitchison, architect, and the younger and more famous bearer of the name and practiser of the profession was born in London, and was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at University College, London. He built the offices of the Royal Exchange Assurance in Pall Mall, a building which many people have crossed the road to properly see and admire; and he was the house-builder as well as the friend of Lord Leighton. He has done service as President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, as Examiner in Architecture at South Kensington, and as Professor at the Royal Academy, a rôle in which he has been able to display his wide knowledge and his crisp humour in lectures, the best of their kind ever delivered.

Major-General Francis John Moberly, R.E., whose death took place in somewhat painful circumstances on Jan. 27, was better known, perhaps, in connection with civil than with military affairs. On the London School Board, to which he was elected in 1885 as Moderate member for Marylebone, he rendered prominent service. At the last election he was returned as an Independent Moderate, and was reinstated as Chairman of the Works Committee, a position he had held in the two previous Boards. General Moberly's work was energetic and conscientious. He followed, indeed, at some cost to himself, his own convictions rather than the bidding of his party in pushing on the erection of schools, which he believed were absolutely necessary to the welfare of the Metropolis. But his chief distinction in educational matters is the work he did for blind, deaf and dumb, and imbecile children. Since 1888 the late General agitated for special classes for children thus afflicted; at first unsuccessfully, but in 1892 he gained his point so far that a beginning was made. The work has since progressed with most satisfactory results, especially in the case of children who are not so much lacking in wits as in need of development. General Moberly was held in the highest personal esteem by all his colleagues on the Board, irrespective of party. His military career began in 1844, when he was attached to the Madras

Army. In 1878 he retired. He was in his seventy-third year.

Mr. Lionel Smythe, one of the recently elected Associates for the Academy, is not a very frequent exhibitor at Burlington House, where he has been represented by only one work for each of the last two years. The owner of a château near Calais, he does not spend much time in London, where he has, however, many friends among painters, and a half-brother in Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A. A very popular host to his English friends who cross the Channel, Mr. Smythe is also a charming painter, especially in water-colour.

The Constable of the Tower is dead. General Sir Daniel Lysons, G.C.B., who has held that high-sounding post for eight years, was the son of the Rev. D. Lysons, of Hempstead Court, Gloucester. Born in 1816, he entered the 1st Royals when he was eighteen, and first saw service in the Canadian Rebellion of 1838-39.

Revision Committee, where he contributed valuable aid to the work of revising the New Testament. As a writer on mathematics, Dr. Newth enjoyed considerable celebrity, his text-books on natural philosophy and on pure mathematics commanding a wide circulation. He was a painstaking teacher, with a passion for exactitude, but with his almost stern enthusiasm for thoroughness he combined a real interest in his students. In 1880 he was elected Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The deceased Professor was in his seventieth year.

The new Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, the living at which the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Bickersteth) made his name, is the Rev. Canon Streatham, of Immanuel, Streatham Common. He graduated at Oxford in the First Class of the old Law and Modern History School in 1866. He succeeded Bishop Billing at Holy Trinity, Louth, in 1874, and nine years afterwards came to Streatham. He is

an Hon. Canon of Rochester, and has long been one of the most active clergy in the diocese. He is an ardent teetotaler, but in no sense a fanatic; he is much liked by men, and has had a very attached congregation at Streatham. In younger days he played a good game of cricket; of late he has consoled himself with golf at Mitcham.

Professor Brander Matthews tells us that the English language is badly in need of reform. On this side of the Atlantic we still cling to such a worn-out antiquity as the "u" in "neighbour." Worse than that, we insist on keeping the 'b' in "debt." Mr. Brander Matthews scoffs at this, but even in America "debt" is still spelt in the old-fashioned way; though, should Mr. Bryan ever be elected President, the word may disappear altogether from the American vocabulary.

Italy has followed the example of Germany by disclaiming all relations with Captain Dreyfus. A curious article in the *Novosti* has been construed to mean that Russia received certain information from that officer in a spirit of friendship to France. The *Novosti* deprecates the idea that Captain Dreyfus is a traitor. This ambiguous giving out may mean nothing, but it increases the embarrassments of the French Government.

M. Huysmans, author of "En Route" and other curious works of fiction, is about to become a monk. Henceforward he will devote his literary gifts, which are considerable, to the lives of the saints.

For a quarter of a century he has been a hard-working official in the Ministry of the Interior, a singular cradle for mysticisms. M. Huysmans wrote a novel about what is called Satanism in Paris, the practice of the "Black Mass," and other profanities which belong to a disordered imagination. Many worthy people in France believe this chronicle implicitly. When he is a monk, M. Huysmans may believe it himself.

Mr. William Charles Thomas Dobson, the retired Academician, who died last week at the age of eighty-one, was an artist whose best work was more familiar to a former generation than it is to that of to-day, though many of his pictures hold a permanent popularity in the form of engravings. The son of an English merchant resident in Hamburg, Mr. Dobson early in life devoted himself to the study of art, and was admitted a student of the Royal Academy in 1836. Thirty-eight years ago, after having exhibited several of his most widely known pictures on sacred subjects, among them "The Alms Deeds of Dorcas," painted by the Queen's command, he was elected an A.R.A., and the higher dignity of R.A. followed in 1872, "St. Paul at Philippi" forming his diploma work for the occasion. Mr. Dobson was also an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.



Photo Lafayette, Dublin.
MR. J. H. CAMPBELL, Q.C., M.P.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. GEORGE AITCHISON, R.A.

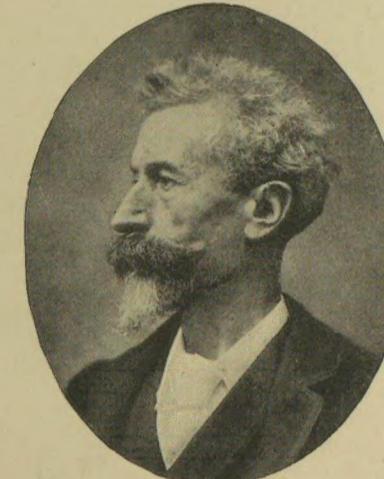


Photo Lormier.
MR. LIONEL SMYTHE, A.R.A.



Photo Ball.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL
SIR FREDERICK MIDDLETON, K.C.M.G., C.B.

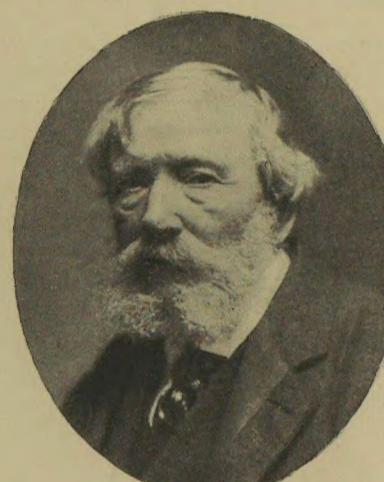


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. WILLIAM C. T. DOBSON, R.A.

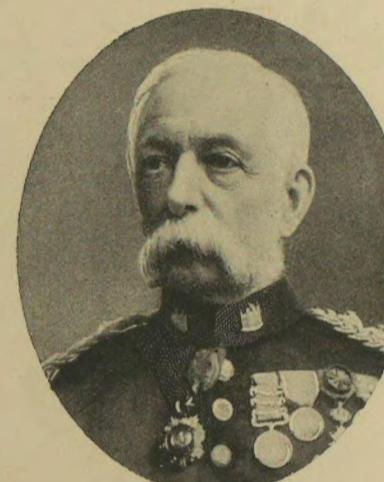


Photo Russell and Sons.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR DANIEL LYSONS, G.C.B.

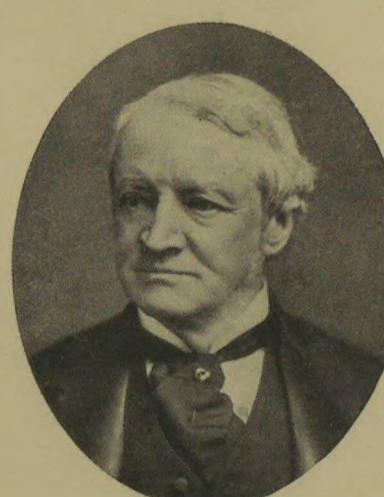


Photo Russell and Sons.
THE LATE LORD CARLINGFORD.

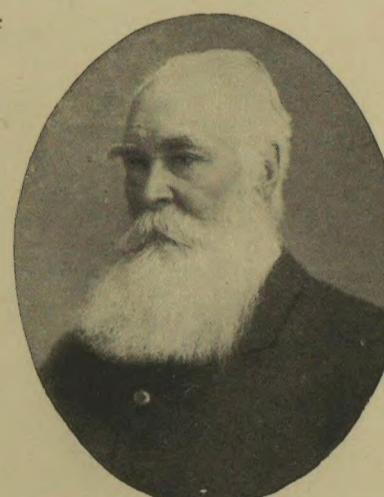


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE GENERAL MOBERLY.



Photo Russell and Sons.
THE LATE REV. SAMUEL NEWTH, D.D.

He served, too, in the Crimea, commanding for a time the 2nd Brigade Light Division, and receiving severe wounds. His frontier service in Canada as an organiser of militia and his command at Aldershot were only some among many other claims he had to the promotions and rewards that came to him in due course. He was the author of various drill-books, of reminiscences, and of a history of the Crimean War.

An eminent Nonconformist divine has passed away in Dr. Samuel Newth, who died at Acton on Jan. 29. A.B.A. and M.A., of London, with high honours in mathematics, the late Doctor began his ministerial career in a country charge at Broseley, in Shropshire. After three years, he directed his energies to teaching, having obtained a professorship in classics and mathematics at the Western College, Plymouth. He was subsequently appointed Professor of Mathematics and Ecclesiastical History in New College, St. John's Wood, and was connected with that establishment in various capacities until his retirement as Principal in 1889, having held, during his term of office, the Professorship of Classics and of New Testament exegesis, as well as those already mentioned. Dr. Newth's skill as a Biblical critic led to his appointment to the

REOPENING
OF PARLIAMENT.

The Parliamentary leaders have issued to their followers the usual letters reminding them of the meeting of Parliament, and requesting their presence during a Session that is full of importance, especially in legislation for Ireland.

The Earl of Hardwicke, the mover of the Address in the House of Lords, is a new peer, having succeeded his father only last year. He is thirty-one years of age, he was educated at Eton, and has served as Attaché at Vienna from 1886 to 1891. Then he relinquished diplomacy and became familiar instead with the City of London. He has a seat on its County Council. Two Earls of the line have been Lord Chancellors, and another Earl was an Admiral and a Postmaster-General. The late Earl was a Master of the Horse.

The Earl of Albemarle, the seconder of the Address in the House of Lords, is forty years of age; and when Lord Bury, he sat for Birkenhead from 1892 till 1894, when he succeeded to the peerage, on the death of his father, who had been an industrious politician and the holder of minor but important posts in Conservative Administrations. On his mother's side he is the grandson of a Canadian Premier, Sir Allan Macnab. In 1881 he married a daughter of the second Baron Egerton.

Colonel Lockwood, the proposer in the Commons, was born in 1847, and was educated at Eton. He entered



Photo Walery.
LORD HARDWICKE,
Mover of the Address in the Lords.



Photo Bazzano.
THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE,
Seconder of the Address in the Lords.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL LOCKWOOD,
Mover of the Address in the Commons.



Photo Russell.
VISCOUNT MILTON,
Seconder of the Address in the Commons.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MOVERS AND SECONDERS OF THE ADDRESS
IN REPLY TO THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

the Coldstream Guards in 1866, and retired seventeen years later with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He married a daughter of Sir J. R. Milbanke, lives at Bishop's Hall, Romford, and represents the Epping Division of Essex.

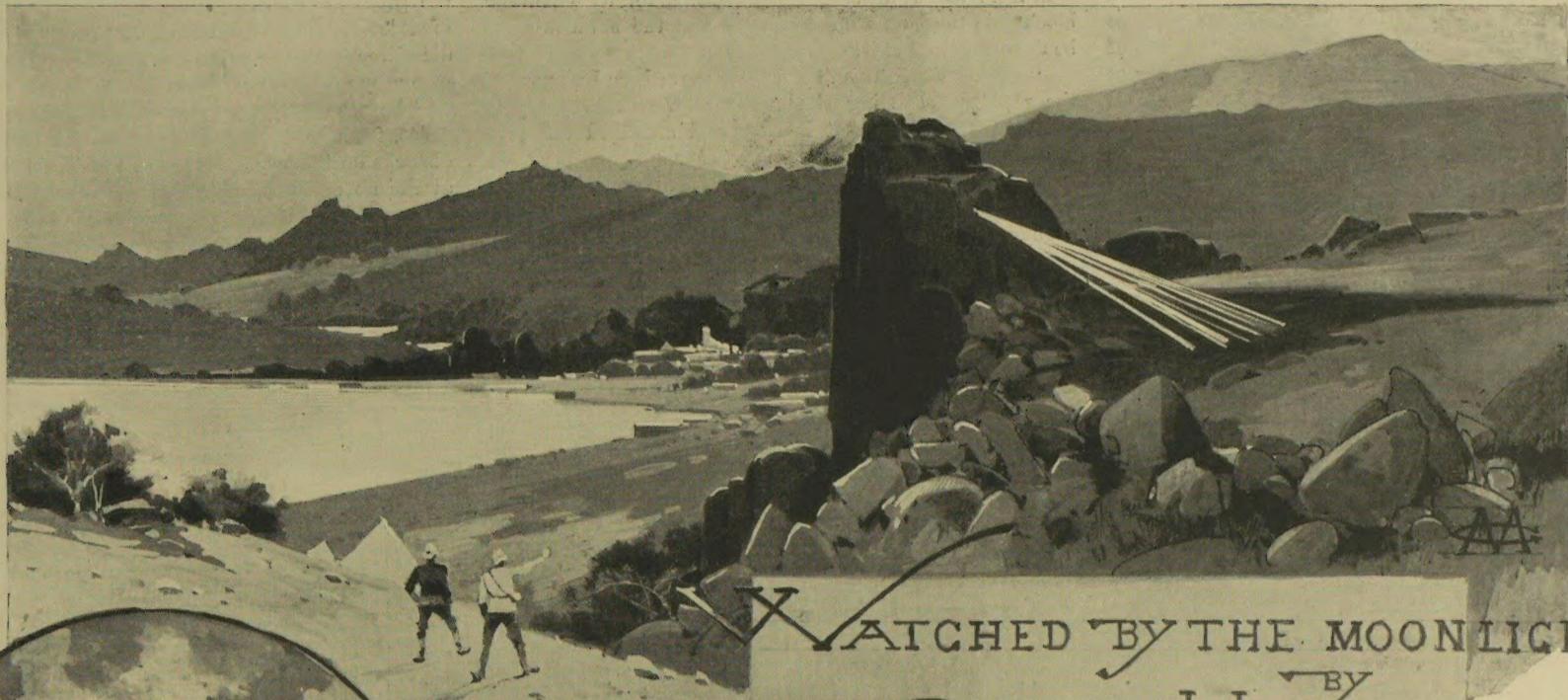
Lord Milton, who seconds the Address in the Commons, was educated at Eton, sits for Wakefield, and is eldest son of Earl Fitzwilliam. He is only twenty-six years of age, being, at the time of the last General Election, the youngest member of the House. Yet he has had the opportunity of reading his own obituary notice, for his death, by an accident in the hunting-field, was reported a couple of years ago. Many jests about "Milton's Paradise Lost, and Paradise Regained" of course followed. He married, in 1896, a daughter of the Marquis of Zetland.

The long-protracted struggle between employers and employed in the engineering trades has come to an end. In the balloting of the men concerned, a large part of whom refrained from voting, the terms finally proposed to them were accepted by 28,588 against 13,727. It was thereupon directed by the Council of their "Amalgamated Society" that they should be ready to resume work on Monday. In general not above twenty-five per cent. of them could at once be set to work on that day, owing to various causes, machinery in some workshops being out of order, and many new hands introduced.



ARREST OF ENGLISHMEN BY THE MOORISH GOVERNMENT: THE SHREEFIAN STEAM-SHIP "AL HASSANI" AND HER CREW.

From a Photograph supplied by Mr. Budgett Meakin, formerly Editor of the "Times of Morocco."



"COME along, man. Here we are at last!"

These were the words that rang through the leafy arcades of the tropical forest and roused me from a somewhat ill-tempered reverie into which the heat of the afternoon and an apparently well-founded dislike to the expedition had conspired to plunge me. The shout came from the forest path ahead, and it was the voice of my friend Crawford that announced the close of our long day's journey.

"And about time, too!" I shouted in reply, as I dealt my pony a kick in the ribs to encourage him to adopt a livelier pace. In two or three minutes I had joined Crawford and our guide, who had come to a standstill at the edge of the forest and were eagerly examining the view which had suddenly opened before them. My first impulse was to follow their example, and my attention was instantly arrested by the great sheet of water which occupied most of the foreground of the picture. Behind the lake the range of the western hills rose in bold masses, framed by the radiance of the evening sky, and throwing long shadows across both land and water at their feet. The lake itself appeared to wind away among their hidden recesses where, on the left, the hills descended abruptly into the dark water. On the side nearest to where we stood, however, the slope from the shore to the mountains was very gradual for perhaps half a mile. A blaze of nearly level sunshine poured like a river through the mountain gorge and cast a golden haze over the nearer side of the lake and the lower slope of the range, which made objects indistinct; but yet, as I gazed, it seemed to me that I could see the outlines of vast buildings strangely mingled and overshadowed with the foliage of huge trees that grew among them. One feature in the landscape, indeed, stood out clear and prominent nearly midway between the lake and the steeper slope of the hills. It was one of the abrupt masses of rock

frequent on the south-east coast of the Indian peninsula, which have usually served as citadels for the towns that have clustered at their base. This rock, indeed, showed no sign of fortifications, but its frowning mass, rising nearly two hundred feet above the surrounding land, irresistibly suggested the purpose to which it must have lent itself in an age of violence.

"Well," I said at last, turning to Crawford, who was still studying the scene with rapt attention. "Well, I suppose this is the place?"

"Yes," he said, but without withdrawing his eyes from the strange landscape before us, "Sadi says this is Minihiri Rama, and these must be the ruins of Aranapura."

I looked round once more, and then I suggested that we had better find a camping-ground for the night, before the sun went down. Crawford agreed to this, and within a very short time we had got our tent pitched and our arrangements completed. It was not until this was done, and we had seated ourselves waiting for our tea-kettle to boil, that we returned to the subject which occupied both our minds.

"And now," Crawford said, when he had lighted his pipe and seated himself entirely to his own satisfaction, "What's the trouble, old man? I can see you've been longing to give me a piece of your mind for the last half-hour—suppose you do it now. What's the matter?"

"All right," I answered a little shortly, "here we are at last. Now what's to be done? Whereabouts is this treasure we've come for? Didn't the Fakir give you any particulars? This seems to be a pretty large order."

I may mention here that a very dirty—and of course proportionately holy—old Fakir was at the bottom of our expedition. Crawford had found the old wretch at Alighur in a dying condition, and had managed to keep him alive for months—an achievement of more than questionable advantage to anybody, by the way—and in this way had become heir to his single earthly possession, a small piece of a dirty brown substance which Crawford assured me was talu leaf, on which there were scratched sundry hieroglyphics. It was this wretched scrap of writing that had brought us here. The Fakir had given it to Crawford when he found himself actually dying at last, as a treasure of inestimable value, with the further information that the place it referred to was in the ruined city of Aranapura, on the shore of Minihiri-Rama. Crawford had managed at last, with infinite trouble, to decipher the hieroglyphics, and it had ended in his persuading me to join him in an attempt to turn the Fakir's legacy to practical account.

This was the document which he now produced from his pocket-book, and proceeded to smooth tenderly upon his knee.

"No," he said, in answer to my question. "No, I can't say that he did. The truth was, that he had put it off rather too long, and it was about all he could manage to say the few words he did. But, after all, we should be able to make it out from this."

"Confound it all!" I remarked with a good deal of energy, "I wish the Fakir had waited a little longer, and gone off quietly in the odour of sanctity, if that's the proper name for the smell of rotten rags in India, before he thought of making you his heir."

"Thank you, old man," Crawford rejoined. "I hope to make you change your mind on that point before you're twenty-four hours older."

"So soon as that? Come, that's better. I fancied we were in for at least a week's hunt among those mouldy ruins over there."

"Why, no," he said; "if we don't find it to-night, we certainly shall not do it in a week. Don't you remember I told you it must be done at the time of full moon?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure; but, you know, that's only the regular dodge, isn't it? Lends an extra mystery to the business, you know."

"Perhaps," said Crawford dryly. "Of course, there's nothing very certain about it; but, at any rate, the writing's all we've got to go by, and I fancy it's clear enough on that point." There was a pause while he traced the irregular lines of hieroglyphics lovingly with his finger, while I sat and watched him in silence.

"All right," I said at last; "as we've come so far, I suppose we had better see if there's anything in it: it's just possible there may be, I suppose, after all. What does the precious document say for itself? Read it once more, will you, Crawford, before we put it to the test of experiment."

"Well," he said, holding it up so as to get the full benefit of the light, "I'm not very much of a Pali scholar, and I don't say I'm absolutely correct, but this is what I make of it, and I don't think I'm far wrong either. . . . 'In the place of the sleep of Sondavalla, when the ruler of the night shall be seated on her highest throne, and gazes with face uncovered upon the world: in the black and ancient hall where Buddha dwells, the glance of the Queen of Night shall rest upon the secret place where lie the hidden treasures of the Beloved One.'"

"And that's the lot, is it?" I asked, when Crawford stopped and laid down the document.

"That's all, and come to look at it fairly—from an Indian point of view, that is, of course—I don't know that you could look for anything more. It's really plain enough as far as it goes, you see."

"Is it?" I replied, "I dare say I'm stupid, but I'm hanged if I can see it, plain as it is. Come now, Crawford, what do you make of it yourself?"

"Well, of course, the place of the sleep of Sondavalla is only Pali for his grave. Everybody knows that the moon is Queen of the Night, at any rate, in this part of the world. I have an idea that her highest throne and her uncovered face are only the Eastern way of expressing the height of the full moon. It's pretty clear, I think, that there is some arrangement by which the moonlight falls on the spot where the treasure is hidden—or where it was hidden at the time this was written—which may have been anything from five hundred to a thousand years ago. It seems all plain sailing enough, if we can only find 'the black and ancient hall,' which was, no doubt, an old Buddhist temple."

As I listened to Crawford's explanation, there seemed, almost for the first time, to be something in it. A score of wild stories of Indian treasures found through the slenderest clues flashed back upon my memory as he spoke. It was no wonder: While he was speaking, my eyes were resting on the scene where the ruins of the forgotten city of the long dead Sondavalla lay bathed in all the splendour of the setting tropic sun. My eyes, I suppose, had grown more accustomed to the light, for I could see it plainly now. The remains of the city were spread far and wide along the margin of the lonely lake and up the lowest slopes of the mountain range. It was a ruin indeed. Formless heaps that had once been vast buildings; shapeless mounds of rubbish—all that time had left of stately temples and gorgeous palaces—cumbered the ground for miles. The destroying hand of time had triumphed over the works of man, but Nature had been kind. Vast trees

shot up from the heaps of ruined masonry, their pyramids of leaves glistening in the level flood of golden light; each crumbling wall was draped with a luxuriant wealth of leaf and flower; each mound of rubbish was clothed with a living garment of creeping plants. From the spot at which we had pitched our tent I could trace the line of what looked like a great thoroughfare of the dead city of the past. The heaps and mounds marked out its limits on either side, and the huge fig-trees that sprung from the general decay formed an irregular avenue which led the eye insensibly onwards and upwards to the frowning mass of overshadowing rock, the dark shadow from which fell threateningly across the plain.

I had become almost unconsciously so deeply interested in the strange and suggestive scene that I had been little more than half-conscious of some of what Crawford had said, but his last words arrested my attention and brought me back to the remembrance of our object and the possibility of carrying it out. "If we could only find the hall," Crawford had said. Yes, that, after all, was the point at which my companion's dream must surely fail, and our expedition end in a few days of discomfort, recompensed only by the exploration of the ancient city. But was it, after all, so utterly hopeless? I glanced at my companion, who was gazing admiringly at the widespread ruins, and then my eyes came back to the strangely fascinating scene before me. "The black and ancient hall," I muttered to myself, as I followed with my eyes the long lines of heaps and hummocks that stretched back into the encroaching shadows of the hills. Nothing remained which even imagination could torture into the semblance of a hall fit for the dwelling-place of Buddha. A larger mound than usual, indeed, rose here and there, crowned with trees, and buried in luxuriant masses of leaves; but of a temple with its stately halls and wide-spreading courts there was not a sign. No. Deeply buried perhaps under the wreckage of the long centuries, one of these shapeless masses of crumbling masonry might contain the ancient hall of Buddha, and conceal only too effectually the treasure of the Beloved; but if so, no ray of moonlight would ever penetrate to the spot or lead us to the jewels. It was absurd; the whole thing was hopeless.

It was while I was in the very act of turning to Crawford with a laugh to say so, that my eye was arrested by a phenomenon. The sun was just going down, and at the moment his level rays streamed in a river of light through the narrow gorge in the hills. It blazed upon the still surface of the lake; it spread in waves of liquid gold over the desolate site of the city of Sondavalla; it crowned with a perfect halo of glory the huge rock which rose dark and precipitous between me and the western sky. My eye had rested on the citadel rock as I turned, and I uttered an exclamation of intense surprise. There—perhaps a third of the way downwards from the sharply defined summit—there glanced from the rocky wall a succession of sparkling arrows of light that darted through the deep shadow cast by it across the plain. For a second or two I only stared in wonder at the sight; then, like a flash, its meaning burst upon my mind.

"Eureka!" I exclaimed in a sudden thrill of excitement. "Eureka!"

"What the mischief do you mean by that?" exclaimed Crawford. "What have you found now?"

"The hall, man—the black and ancient hall, as I'm a living sinner!"

I stretched out my hand as I spoke and pointed to the rock. Crawford's eyes followed the motion and he started.

"Bless my soul," he ejaculated after a pause of a minute. "I believe you're right."

We had both sprung to our feet, and for several minutes we stood gazing in silence at the phenomenon which had suggested so much to us both. It couldn't have been more than five minutes at most, yet it was long enough to exhaust the sight. Even while we looked the flashing points of light shifted, contracted, and suddenly went out. I turned startled eyes on my companion. What did it mean? "Oh, that's all right," he said, "it could only last for a minute or two while the sun was directly on a level with the openings, but it was as good as an hour. All we've got to do is to make the most of it, for, upon my soul, I think it was the greatest stroke of luck I ever heard of in my life."

For some minutes longer we continued to gaze at the rock as if we expected to see the lights again, but, of course, none appeared, and at last we resumed our seats and discussed our next proceedings. Neither of us doubted that we had accidentally solved the mystery of the hall, as it was evident that the setting sun had shone through the

citadel rock from side to side, which showed that it was hollow and had openings facing both east and west. We concluded that there must have been some entrance to the rock from below, although, of course, it might have been blocked in the course of centuries, and the main thing to be done was to find it.

"Rather ticklish, isn't it?" I observed, as I glanced at the rapidly deepening shadows that were now creeping over the scene, when at last we had arranged our programme.

"Devilish!" Crawford replied sententiously; "but you can't expect to pick up diamonds on the parade ground. You've got to risk something."

He was evidently right, and, after all, when one was fairly committed to it, the risk seemed rather to add to than take anything from the interest of the adventure. There was no hurry, because all we could hope to do before midnight was to find our way to the place, and if it should

A sound of any kind, the rustling of a leaf, the note of a night-bird, even the cry of a beast of prey, would have come as a relief in that impressive silence. We followed the great avenue so plainly marked out by the heaps of mouldering ruin on either hand, leading, as we knew it did, directly to the great central mass of rock which now rose grey and ghostly before us.

The whole distance could hardly have exceeded two miles from our camping-ground, and we met with no obstacle on the way. Our silent tread on the mossy ground awoke no echoes amongst the shapeless mounds of what had once been stone; only the faint, weird whisper of the night breeze reached us as it stole around the ruins and barely stirred the trees that rose so mysteriously from unseen depths among the crumbling heaps. We made our way steadily onwards, till at last the great rock rose dark and precipitous overhead. Seen near at hand, even the moonlight failed to brighten it as it stood out bare and threatening against the sky. There were no ruins close to the rock, and in most places the level ground reached to its very base.

We sought in vain on the side on which we had approached it for any sign of an entrance, and it was not until we had traced it round that side and half the other that Crawford, who had taken the lead, came to a halt in the dark shadow that stretched westward from the citadel. When I joined him I found that he was standing at the foot of a sloping mass of rubbish and shattered masonry which seemed to be piled up against the face of the cliff as though it had slid from the top.

"I think there's something here," Crawford said, straining his eyes to look upward through the deep shadow. I followed his example, and it seemed to me too that just above the heap at the foot of which we were standing there was something which looked like a darker hollow in the face of the beetling rock. "You've got the lantern?" he added in a half-whisper, as if he feared to wake an echo in the intense stillness that wrapped the place. I produced the lantern, and we lighted it. It was small and portable, but it threw only a feeble light on our surroundings. By its light, however, we managed to scramble up the rugged heap of broken masonry and rock till we reached the top. Our impression had been correct; there was, or, at any rate, there had been, a doorway. At first I thought it had been effectually barricaded by the falling masonry, but on examining it more carefully by the light of our lantern, we found that a narrow passage, which might almost have been called a hole, had been left between the top of the gateway and the mass of rubbish which so nearly filled it up. It looked dark and forbidding enough, but it was evident that it afforded the only hope of accomplishing our purpose, and we didn't hesitate long. As the bearer of the lantern, I took the lead, and slowly and with difficulty I managed to creep through. The fallen mass sloped away on the inner side, and after I had waited long enough to light Crawford through the narrow entrance, I proceeded to descend to the level of the ancient gateway, closely followed by my companion.

I had got nearly to the bottom, when a stone on which I had set my foot gave way, and I rolled helplessly to the ground. The lantern which I carried was, fortunately, found unbroken, although, of course, extinguished, when Crawford had succeeded in scrambling down to the spot where I lay, and, after some trouble, he managed to relight it. Till this had been done I had been content to lie still, feeling bruised and sore, and almost reluctant to make an exertion, the

result of which might be to prove that I had been disabled. When at last I roused myself and regained my feet, however, I found to my delight that, except a sprained ankle, which didn't seem to be very serious, I was little the worse for the accident.

"Now for it," Crawford said cheerfully, when he had passed his experienced surgeon's hand over the place, "I'm afraid this may give you some trouble by and by, but I fancy you'll manage to limp through this job to-night, so the sooner we find this blessed hall the better."

I found he was right. I was able to follow his lead, but it was only with a good deal of pain each time I rested any weight on the injured ankle. When we got clear of the rubbish and loose stones that had rolled into the passage, we found that the entrance was a wide one through which ten or twelve men might have marched abreast, and that it stretched away into what looked like an abyss of impenetrable darkness. Our lantern glimmered faintly on the dense dull blackness of the walls and floor of rock, but showed no indication of a roof overhead. We went cautiously forward, for the place seemed likely enough to



I had got nearly to the bottom, when a stone on which I had set my foot gave way, and I rolled helplessly to the ground.

be the lair of some wild beast, but except the dull echo of our steps there was not a sound of life. Suddenly Crawford paused and held up the lantern.

"Steps at last," he exclaimed; "it was almost time!" Then we began to ascend the great black staircase cut out of the solid rock; the surface of each step smooth and polished, the edges clean-cut and sharp, as if but yesterday from the hands of the workmen who had lived and died more than two thousand years ago. To me, as I limped up them painfully, these steps seemed never-ending. Upwards and upwards still—the same glistening steps; the same dull black walls; the same impenetrable darkness that closed above our heads! It became like a nightmare to me, and it seemed as if it would never end.

It did end at last, and it came as a surprise.

"Thank goodness, that's all!" exclaimed Crawford, stopping, and holding up the light. It glimmered like a rushlight in a cathedral, but it showed us nothing. Beyond the narrow radius of its puny light all was blackest shadow. By going cautiously round with the lantern we soon discovered that we were in a wide ante-chamber which opened by a comparatively narrow doorway into another. When Crawford attempted to pass through it, however, a sudden gust of wind blew out the light and left us in darkness. But no. It took less than a minute to convince me that my first impression was wrong—it was not dark. There was light—a faint grey, uncertain light, which stole through the darkness, and seemed rather to dilute its quality than to substitute anything else in its place. From the spot where I stood in the ante-chamber I could see that it came from the place into which the doorway gave admission, and it was just strong enough to enable me to see Crawford's figure dimly as he paused in the entrance.

"It's the hall," he said, in a voice that was little more than a whisper. "Come along. There's light enough in here without the lantern." As he spoke, he passed through the doorway and disappeared into the grey darkness. I made haste to limp after him.

In the course of many wanderings I had visited many strange places and seen not a few sights both curious and impressive, but among them all my memory fails to single out one in all respects as strange as that. As I stood within the entrance and looked around in the dim half light, the words of Crawford's Pali writing came back to me so vividly that I seemed to hear them repeated: "The black and ancient hall." The writer, whoever he was, had struck the keynote of the spot, and no other description seemed possible. The light, though of the same pervading character which I had noticed when I looked from the ante-chamber, was stronger here, and it was possible to get some vague idea of the place in which we found ourselves. It was a hall of vast size. As much as this was evident, though we could only guess at its dimensions. The first impression it made on the senses was that of blackness. On every side the darkness hemmed it in. The floor, the walls, or the shadows that represented walls, the huge square pillars that stood row beyond row till they were lost in the dim obscurity, the shadows overhead that seemed to represent the roof—all alike were black. The faint light floated and clung around the pillars, but it nowhere called forth a single answering sparkle from the dull dead surface. The night breeze came in soft gusts across the hall—a pleasant change from the stagnant air of the passage and staircase—and at times the ear could distinguish a faint sigh as it swept between the long lines of pillars, but otherwise the silence was absolute.

I hardly know how long we stood silently gazing around us, but at least it must have been some minutes before Crawford turned and, grasping me by the arm, said in an eager whisper, "It's all right; there's no possible mistake about the place. See, that must be Buddha himself!" He pointed as he spoke down one of the long vistas between the pillars, and there, faintly outlined against the darkness, was something grey and gigantic, but yet unmistakably human in shape, which loomed darkly out of the shadows. As he spoke he moved down the hall towards the figure, and although I confess it was with something of a creeping sensation in the region of my spine that I did so, I limped after him. We must have gone at least fifty yards down that black avenue of pillars before we reached it, but when we did so at last I had no longer a doubt that our information had been correct, and that fortune had guided us to the spot indicated by the Pali writing.

The figure was a huge one, and had evidently been cut from the solid rock when the temple hall was excavated. It was seated on a square block of stone of vast size, in the usual cross-legged attitude, and, looking upward, I could see the huge, calm, expressionless features, and, higher still, the point where the top of the head joined with and apparently supported the roof. I could see that Crawford was examining the figure on every side, and, as my ankle had grown very painful, I contented myself with resting against the pedestal and following his motions with my eyes. At last he joined me. "Look here," he said, "I've looked everywhere, but I can see no sign of a place for

the treasure, and, what is more extraordinary still, I can't fancy any possible means by which the moonlight can penetrate to this place when the moon is full. All we can do now is to wait and see what happens at the moment of full moon, and that won't be till nineteen minutes past twelve. There will be plenty of time to fetch that little crowbar, and I think it will be safest, now that you are hurt, to take Sadi into our confidence and get his assistance. You won't mind my leaving you alone here while I fetch him, will you? I think there's time enough to do it, and even if we should be a few minutes late, you could mark the exact spot."

"Yes," I said, a little reluctantly, "I could do as much as that, no doubt, that is to say if anything should happen to mark it out."

"Oh, come now," Crawford replied with a nervous laugh, "where's the good of swallowing a cow and choking on the tail, old man? It was that confounded ankle of yours that spoke then. You know, you're just as certain of it as I am."

I felt that Crawford was right, and I couldn't but agree to his proposal, which was, no doubt, the best that could be made under the circumstances, as I could be of

very little active use either in securing the treasure or in removing it, if we should be lucky enough to find it. I therefore agreed, as gracefully as I could, to the proposal, and promised to do my best to trace out any indications of the hiding-place that might occur before he got back with assistance, and, having lighted the lantern once more, Crawford started.

It is almost needless to say that had I been in a position to carry it out, I should greatly have preferred my companion's share in the undertaking, and it was with something very like a shudder that I watched the light glimmering farther and farther away till at last it disappeared through the opening of the doorway by which we had entered, leaving me alone in the dim grey shadows of the ghostly temple. For some seconds longer I could catch the faint echoes of Crawford's footsteps as he descended the stairs up which I had toiled, and then they died away, leaving a stillness that was deadly, in which the beating of my heart sounded like a drum.

How long should I have to wait for his return? That was the first thought which filled my mind, although it was quickly followed by the question, "Would anything happen while he was away?" I was there to watch for the sign that was to disclose the hiding-place of the mysterious treasure. Would it come indeed? In any other place, at any other time, I should have laughed at the very idea—but here! I looked around me on every side, only to be met by the long straight lines of dull black pillars, showing avenues of grey obscurity between them; I looked at the giant image that towered above me till the vast, motionless, and inhumanly calm features, seen through the misty light, seemed almost alive; far away on the right I could trace the faint outline of one of the rock-hewn windows through which the grey light filtered into the black cavern in which I stood alone.

It was clear that I must pull myself together if I meant to resist the strain on my nerves, and I decided that it would be better, even at the cost of irritating my ankle, to move about than stay where I was and become the victim of a thousand

fancies. I began to walk, or rather to limp up and down, and after a time the motion brought me back to something like my usual state of mind. How long I limped lamely up and down that ghostly colonnade, peering down the grey vistas to convince myself that there was nothing to be seen, straining my ears in the vain hope of hearing Crawford's returning footsteps on the stair, I cannot tell, for although I tried again and again to read the figures on the dial of my watch, I could never satisfy myself that I had succeeded. Had there been a hope of finding a seat anywhere I might have looked for it, but there was none, and, besides, I was afraid to lose sight for more than a minute at a time of the giant figure which I instinctively felt was connected with the discovery I was waiting for. Again and again, when I had gone a few yards, I returned uneasily to the spot from which I could get the clearest view of that solemn face, and each time the impression grew stronger, that somehow in the unfathomable depths of these stony eyes there lurked a strange look of weird intelligence. Sometimes the look seemed to express anger, at others it became a stare of withering



My throat was grasped by long bony fingers that felt like those of a skeleton.

SEE NEXT PAGE.

contempt, as if the very absence of all emotion enabled my imagination to lend those eyes a new meaning at each now inspection.

I seemed to have been waiting for hours, and yet nothing had happened. The same solemn stillness, relieved only by the sighing whisper of the night-breeze stealing through the hall; the same mysterious light that showed so much to the fancy and so little to the senses; the same changeless yet over-changing giant face seen dimly through the swimming atmosphere in the shadows overhead. I was standing opposite the figure now, as these thoughts passed through my mind, and I peered upward at the face which held me with an almost hypnotic spell. As I did so something happened. I could not have said what it was that chained my attention and made the blood run coldly through my limbs, but there was certainly something. The face had changed! A score of times before it had seemed to change, but I felt that it was different now—it had really changed this time. What was it?

I gazed fixedly at the great calm features till suddenly it flashed upon me—it was the eyes. Until that moment the great orbs had looked out, rigid and stony, with a dull stare in the darkness, but now they awoke to life—a strange, pale, ghostly life indeed, but life still. I stared.

As I stood there, my shoulder was just on the level of the massive knee of the great figure on which the hand rested. Following the glance of the moonlight, I laid my hand on the giant thumb. It yielded to the pressure, and moving aside as if on a pivot, showed that the hand was hollow, and as the pale shaft of the moonlight fell upon the cavity, its contents flashed back the reflection in many coloured lights. It was the treasure!

For a moment I stopped and almost gasped for breath. My eyes were dazzled by the sight, and the surprise of the sudden discovery came like a shock to my nerves. Before I had time to recover or even to think, before I could make up my mind to stretch out my hand and grasp the glittering prize, something like a grey shadow flitted past me. At the same moment there was a strange, gasping, guttural sound close to my ear, and my throat was grasped by long bony fingers that felt like those of a skeleton and sent a thrill of superstitious horror through every nerve in my body. I staggered and grasped wildly at my assailant, but the suddenness of the attack and the smoothness of the rocky floor on which I stood made me lose my balance. My hand closed desperately upon something, indeed, but it felt unsubstantial and yielded no support; and then I fell.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

General Booth and his son, Ballington Booth, met in America, in the presence of two ministers. The talk lasted only half an hour, and when it was closed the ministers issued a statement saying that it was agreed that all public controversy, in the Press and otherwise, between General Booth's Army and his son's Volunteers should, as far as possible, come to an end. General Booth is to hold eighty meetings in the United States.

The first volume of a new and splendid Dictionary of the Bible is to be issued by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh, at the end of February. There will be four volumes in all, and amongst those who have prominently collaborated are Professor Driver, Professor Swete, and Dr. A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh. The volume is edited by Dr. Hastings, a Scotch Free Church minister, who is assisted by Mr. Selbie, also a minister of the same communion. There is room for a book of the kind, as Mr. Murray did not carry through his revised edition of Smith's Dictionary.

An American millionaire, Mr. Conoit, has left fully a million of dollars to a number of Church charitable societies, seventeen in all, and to two libraries in the City.

There is to be a summer theological school at Oxford on the usual lines. The clergy are boarded at six shillings a day. Among those who are taking part are Dr. Wace,



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—WITH THE FIRST DIVISION TIRAH FIELD FORCE: BENGAL SAPPERS AND MINERS FORDING THE MASTURA RIVER.

From a Sketch by Captain A. G. Dallas.

I rubbed my eyes to make sure it was not another trick of the imagination more vivid than all that had gone before it; but when I looked again the impression had only grown stronger. Now I could see it more clearly. From the centre of each eyeball a dim, ghostly ray of light was gleaming, and moment by moment it was growing brighter. It struck downwards, and I could trace its path through the grey shadows, like the flight of a phosphorescent arrow. My eye followed the two slender lines as they fell, and I noticed that they inclined towards one another at an angle, till at last they joined, and, as a single ray of light, settled on the right knee of the giant figure. Upon that knee the vast hand of the figure lay, not flat, but in an easy posture, which brought the forefinger slightly over the thumb. It was here—here on the inner edge of the huge thumb, that the united ray of silver moonlight fell.

Hitherto, I had followed the phenomenon mechanically, curious, indeed, and wondering, but without connecting it intelligently with anything else; but now it flashed on my mind like a revelation, and the words of the Pali writing seemed to throb in my ears once more: "The glance of the Queen of Night shall rest upon the secret place where lie the hidden treasures of the Beloved One." It was here, then—here, that the treasure was concealed. I forgot my weariness, I ceased for the moment to feel the pain in my disabled ankle, I sprang forward and laid my hand on the spot where the silver arrow of the moonlight had fallen.

The light of Crawford's lantern shining into my eyes roused me to consciousness. A voice which I recognised as Sadi's exclaimed, "Allah be praised, he lives!" I sat up with difficulty and stared around me stupidly for some seconds before I could recall what had happened; then it came back to me suddenly.

"It's gone, Crawford," I exclaimed, with a gasp.

"The devil it is? But how do you know? Who's got it?" replied Crawford eagerly.

"I don't know, but that's what he had on," I said, holding out my hand, in which there still remained a torn fragment of very dirty yellow cloth.

Crawford examined it closely by the light of his lantern. "Well," he said at last, in a tone of deep disgust, "it might have been part of my Fakir's body-cloth from its appearance. It's dirty enough, at any rate."

We examined the image by the light of the lantern and found the secret place. It was still open as I had left it, but, with the exception of a single ruby of great size, it was entirely empty. We examined the floor for some traces of my mysterious assailant, but without success. A few yards away, however, at the foot of one of the pillars, I saw something glitter in the lamplight. I stooped and picked it up. It was a very large emerald. I have that emerald still. It is all that remains to me of the sparkling treasure so strangely guarded beneath the glance of the moon.

THE END.

Dr. Sanday, Mr. Illingworth, and Dr. Bright. These theological schools seem to be supplying a real want.

Dean Farrar has published a volume of allegories. He has allowed his "Reminiscences of Famous Men"—originally published in magazine form—to be printed as a book in America. Though the volume has been very successful there, Dean Farrar has not issued it in this country.

Father Dolling will conduct missions in Boston, U.S.A., during the month of February.

Statistics have been published of the Churches in America. The Roman Catholic comes first, with more than eight million members; Methodism comes next, with six millions; and the Baptists third, with more than four millions. Episcopacy and Congregationalism are about equal, each with about 650,000 members.

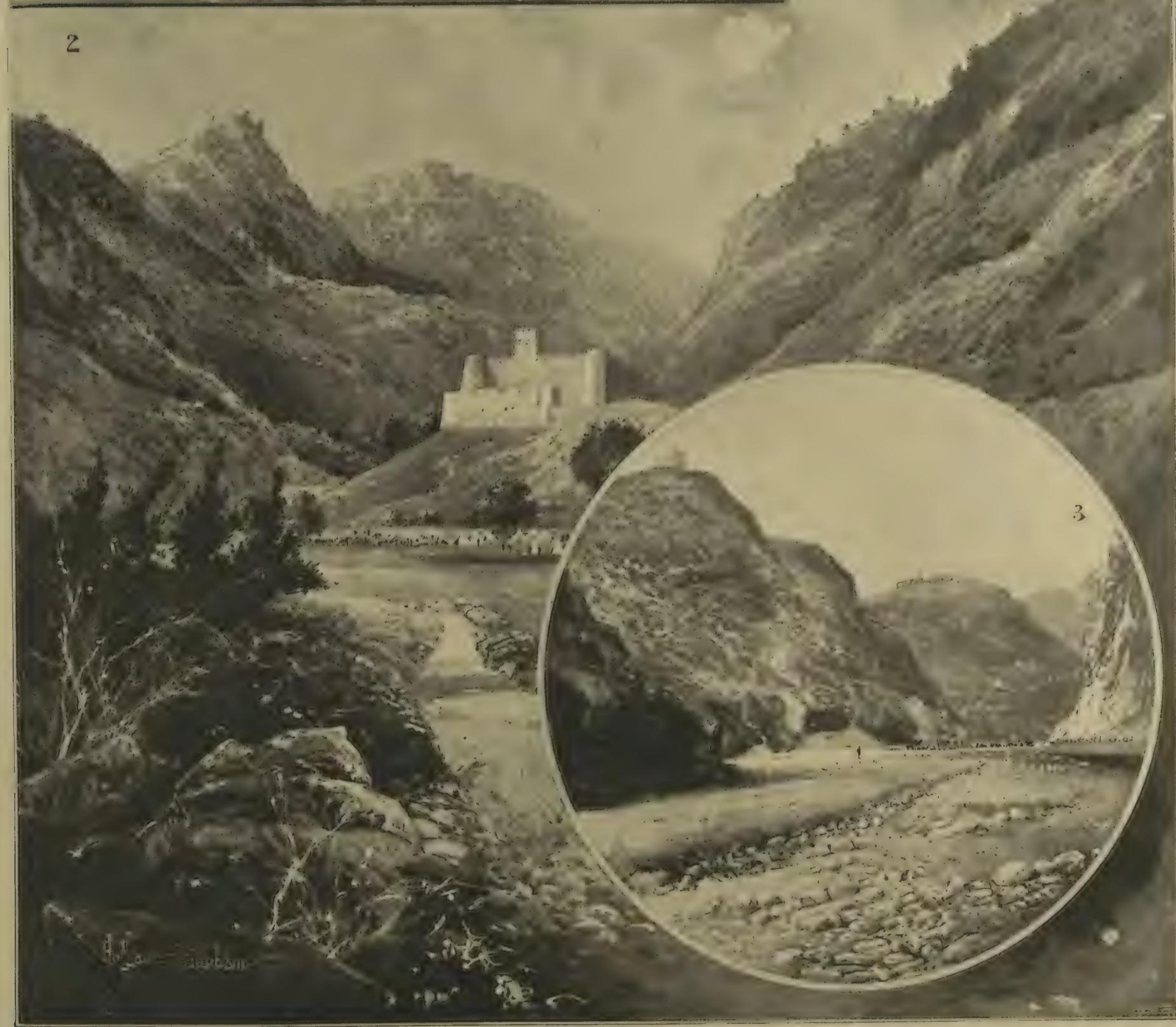
Canon Streatfeild has accepted the living of Christ Church, Hampstead, formerly occupied by the Bishop of Exeter. The church is attended by a large and influential congregation.

The Prince of Wales is to subscribe fifty guineas a year, for five years, to the Norwich diocesan branch of the Queen Victoria Sustentation Fund.

The Community of the Resurrection, with which Mr. Gore is identified, has moved from Radley to Mirfield, in Yorkshire, at the invitation of the Bishop of Wakefield. The Community house will be known as the House of the Resurrection. The Archbishop of Canterbury has now approved the statute and become the Visitor of the society. The members are not pledged to life-long celibacy. V.



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1. Major-General Symons, with the 1st Brigade, under Brigadier-General Hart, and Divisional Troops, Encamped at La La China, on the Khyber River, December 29, 1897.

2. Burg, in the Bazar Valley, with one of the Fortified Villages Demolished by the Divisional Troops.

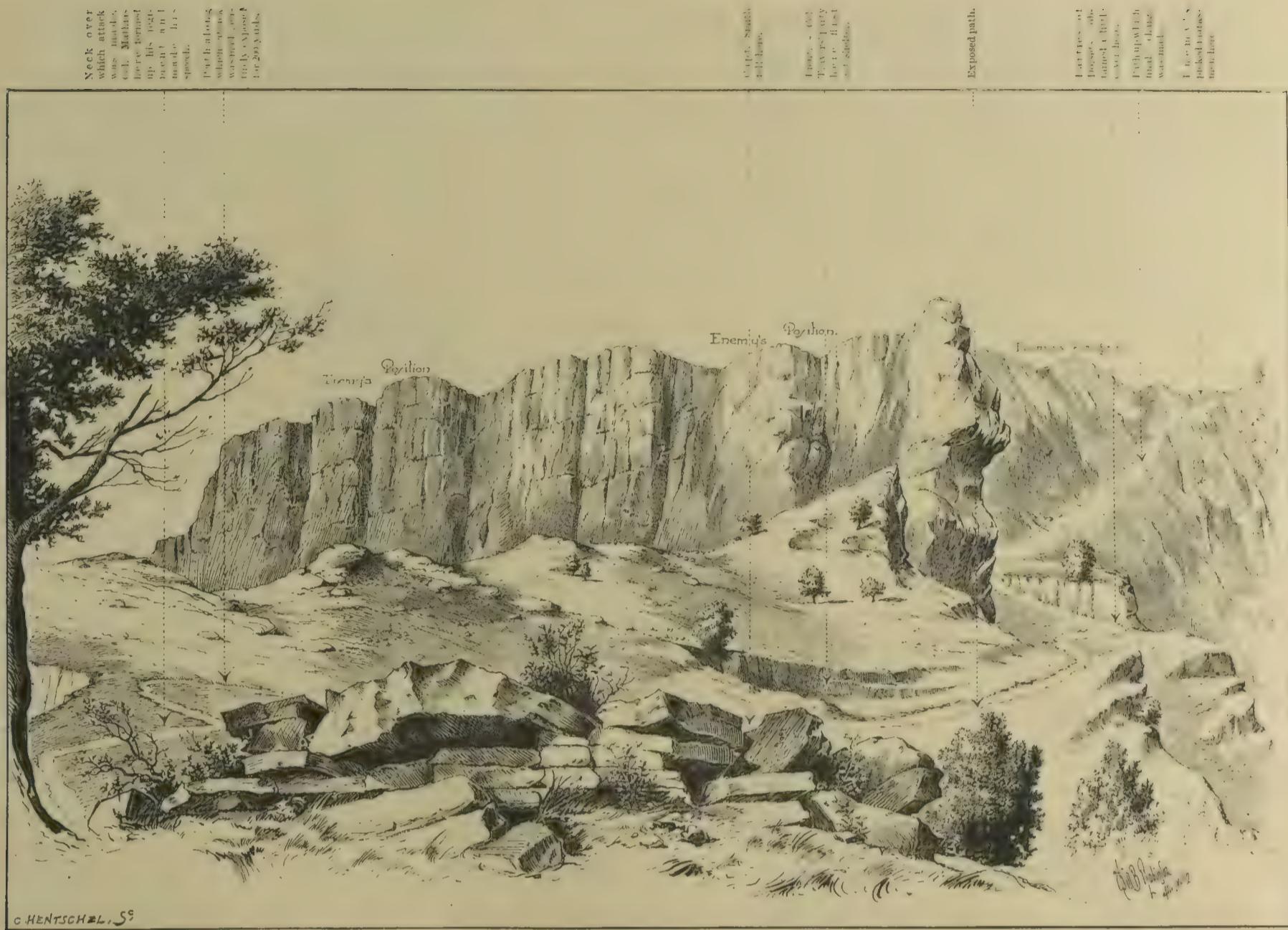
3. Fort Ali Musjid: A Sketch taken from the Bed of the Khyber River, looking up the Pass.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: THE EXPEDITION INTO THE KHYBER AND BAZAR VALLEY.

From Sketches by Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Hart, C.R.E., First Division Tirah Expeditionary Force.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

Sketches by Lieutenant F. Maurice, 2nd Derbyshire Regiment.



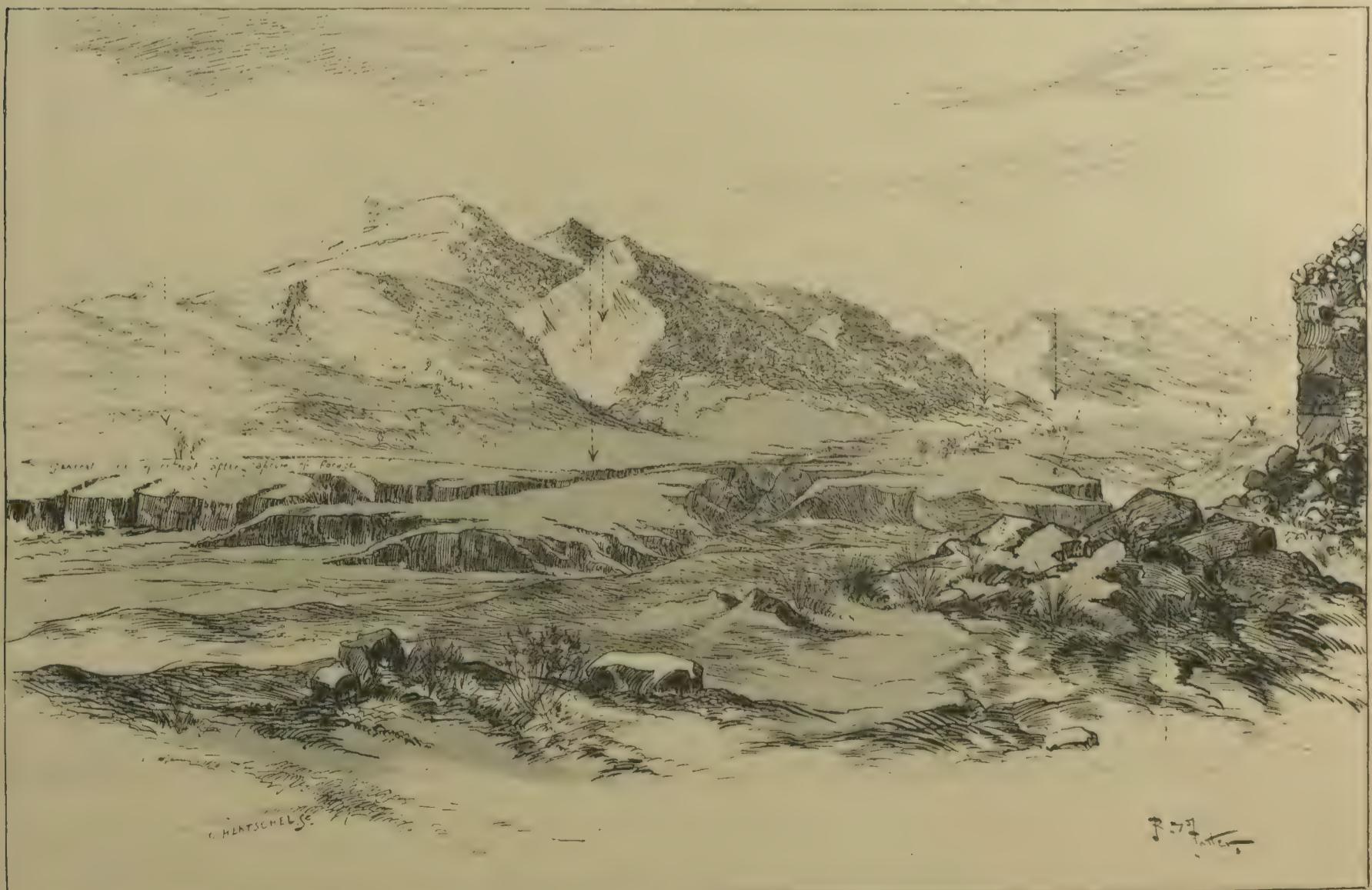
DARGAL, VIEWED FROM THE ROCKS FROM WHICH THE COMPANIES OF THE DERBYSHIRE WERE EMPLOYED IN KEEPING DOWN THE ENEMY'S FIRE.

Last position
which
none may
followed.

No. 11, elect
apt. Howman
was wounded.

Village from which much storage was made and.

Villages from which cinema swarms a tiny insect set round the middle bank.



GROUND AT THE HEAD OF THE MASTURA VALLEY.



PREPARING FOR THE FANCY-DRESS BALL: FINISHING TOUCHES.

Drawn by Louis Davis, R.I.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Kladderadatsch, the youngest of the three most famous comic papers of Europe, begins its jubilee year badly. Its editor, Herr Trojan, has just been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for *Majestätsbeleidigung—Anglicé*, "insulting the sovereign." Paley averred that "a man who is not sometimes a fool is always one"; and at the end of last November Emperor Wilhelm seemed bent upon illustrating the truth of the Dean of Carlisle's axiom by propounding the astonishing theory that no one could be a good soldier who was not at the same time a good Christian. A similar dogma set the Chamber of Deputies by the ears half-a-dozen years ago; and, whether it be uttered by a layman, a minister of religion, or a sovereign, it is open to severe criticism. *Kladderadatsch*'s pictorial comment in no way exceeded the bounds of good taste, and not only would the Kaiser's greatest ancestor—namely, Frederick II., who figured in the cartoon, have had a good laugh over it, but even Wilhelm's grand-uncle, Friedrich Wilhelm IV., would have chuckled quietly. At any rate, neither of these would have committed the mistake of clapping the editor of the Berlin sheet under lock and key.

In the case of the victor of Rosbach, I am judging by inference, for a comic paper, in the sense we understand it, did not exist in his time. Lampoons were, however, plentiful, and one day during Frederick the Great's reign an extremely clever one appeared on the walls of Berlin. It was, though, somewhat "skied," as we should say nowadays. The philosopher-King happened to pass, and forthwith ordered it to be lowered, so that the public might enjoy the text without having to crane their necks. "I allow my subjects to say and write what they like, provided they allow me to do what I please," Frederick observed. Frederick William IV. was not quite so accommodating, nevertheless he not only often relished *Kladderadatsch*'s jokes, but now and again held his hand over it when the Berlin authorities showed a tendency to handle it too roughly.

For this little sheet was from its very birth a martyr to persecution; its editor and contributors many a time and oft had to fly from Prussia's capital, lest they should be visited by the strong arm of the law. It saw the light under less peaceful circumstances than those the Berliners are enjoying at present; it was born in May 1848, during troublous times, and literally sprang full-armed from the brain of one man, David Kalisch, a native of Breslau and a Jew. To sketch Kalisch's career here would lead me too far afield. It was chequered to a degree. He had been everything in turns—nay, at one time, during his stay in Paris, he, like the late Tom Robertson, was reduced to manual labour in order to live. He began life as a shop-assistant, was in turns a commercial traveller, a bookseller's agent, and Heaven alone knows what else, all of which vicissitudes did not prevent him from keeping up his intercourse with some of the most notable men of his day—notably, with Proudhon and Heine.

In 1848 David Kalisch had already made a certain name for himself as a writer of local "posse"—read, farces in which the subjects of the day and the foibles of the Berliners were treated with remarkable humour and wit. In the middle of May 1848, David Kalisch called with the completest manuscript of the first number of *Kladderadatsch* on the well-known bookseller Albert Hofmann, who was the ordinary publisher of evanescent comic literature. The whole of that number had been written by Kalisch himself. Hofmann saw difficulties in the way, yet he fell in with the idea on the distinct understanding that Kalisch should be responsible for the cost of production. A couple of days later the sheet appeared.

In the year of grace 1898 one rarely sees an itinerant news-vendor in the streets of Berlin; in 1848 there were a goodly number. The very name of the publication drew attention. *Kladderadatsch* could be explained etymologically. There is a Dutch verb "Kladden," which means to blot, to stain, to scrawl, etc. The word itself, though, was, if I am not mistaken, the invention of Kalisch himself, and means practically what printers call "pie."

From the moment of its birth Kalisch's offspring was threatened with strangulation. It had attacked the Berlin civic militia, and some of its members invaded Hofmann's premises in uniform and fully armed, wringing a promise from him that the "irreverent pickle" should die. Hofmann tried to be as good as his word, and Kalisch in despair went in quest of another publisher. All his efforts to that effect were in vain, and he returned disconsolate to Hofmann's as a forlorn hope. Meanwhile, the produce of the first sale had been ascertained; and we are not doing the original publisher's memory an injustice by supposing that the financial results had more weight with him than Kalisch's pleadings.

The days of persecution were not at an end. *Kladderadatsch* had often to flee Berlin; and even when its headquarters were there, copy had to be surreptitiously conveyed. Then for some time *Kladderadatsch* migrated to Leipsic, and the freshly printed numbers were conveyed to Berlin in bales like ordinary merchandise. Kalisch that time was no longer the sole producer. Two of his relations, both natives of Breslau, assisted him, and poets like Dingelstedt, Prutz, and Herwegh came to the rescue. The Berliners themselves petitioned in *Kladderadatsch*'s favour until—

Selbst Wrangel fühlte ein Erbarmen,
Und hat den *Kladderadatsch* erlaubt.

The Wrangel alluded to is the celebrated Marshal, who at the present Emperor's birth held him in his arms on the balcony and showed him to the Berlin population. It is a pity he is no longer there to give advice.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

BETA.—Black's fourth move is printed B takes P. This correction on your part, you will find, makes all the difference in the ending.

B D WILMOT.—We shall have pleasure in publishing the games, and we congratulate you on your Craigside success.

A B S (Tetford).—We think it better to defer your comments till the match is over. We shall look out for the promised game.

F R GITTINS.—Much obliged for game.

H GRAY (Winlow).—Another solution by 1. B to Kt 5th, P takes B; 2. Q to B 2nd, etc.

W S B.—Correction to hand.

T E LAURENT (Bombay).—All your problems are defective.

H W WAGSTAFF.—Much too simple for our use.

PROBLEMS RECEIVED WITH THANKS from C Dahl (Copenhagen), F Libby (Leamington), A Daniel, and J M K Lupton (Richmond).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2804 received from Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California); of No. 2804 from Jessie M Maclean (Hove), T C D, C E II (Clifton), K P (Snodland); of No. 2805 from C E M (Ayr), F R Gittins (Small Heath), T Roberts, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), G Birnbach (Berlin), D Newton (Lisbon), and George Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2806 received from J Bailey (Newark), H S Brandt (Algiers), J F Moon, T G (Ware), T Roberts, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Ubique, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C E II (Clifton), K P (Snodland), F Hooper (Putney), F Libby, C M A B, G Birnbach (Berlin), Brian Harley (Saffron Walden), E B Foord (Cheltenham), J Paul Taylor (Bromley), Captain Spencer, M Hobhouse, Francis Barton (Egremont), T L Stack (Lydd), Edith Corser (Reigate), A E McClintock (Kingstown), Hereward, J Hall, John G Lord (Castleton), A P A (Bath), S Davis (Leicester), R A Coombes (Crowthorne), Hermit, R H Brooks, Thomas Harrington, R Worters (Canterbury), G T Hughes (Portsmouth), F J Candy (Norwood), N J Cole, J M'Robert (Crossgar), Henry Orme (Bristol), Meursius (Brussels), Alpha, D H Clarke (Winchester), Frank Proctor, H Le Jeune, F S Taylor (Hunstanton), Alfred Field (Newcastle-on-Tyne), H d'O Bardon (Honiton), E Bacon, C H Steel (Thirsk), Purefoy Poe (Ballynahon), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), C E Perugini, C E M (Ayr), Julie Short (Exeter), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Charles Dowd (Dover), Sorrento, M A Eyre (Folkestone), J Lake Ralph (Purley), Dr F St, L Desanges, F Hawkins (Camberwell), Shadforth, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Alfred Callow Hurley, and Judith.

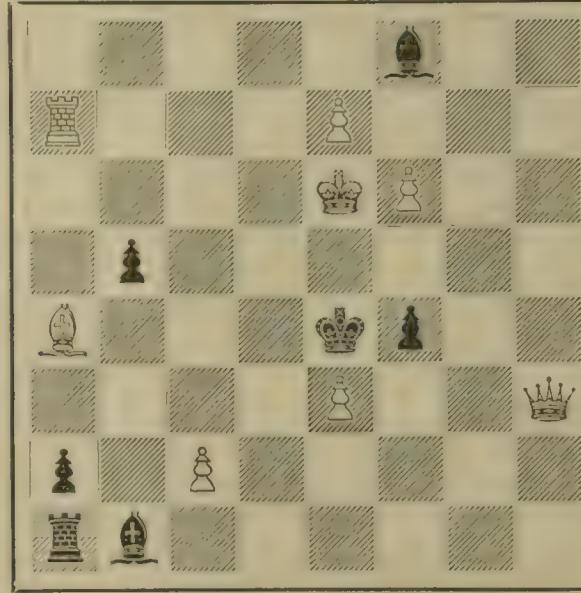
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2805.—By CONRAD BEYER.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to B 7th Q to R 6th or R takes B
2. Kt to B 3rd K or R takes Kt
3. Kt or Q mates

If Black play 1. Q to Q 7th, 2. Kt to B 5th (dis ch). If 1. Q to R 3rd, 2. Kt to Q 5th (dis ch), and if 1. K takes Kt then 2. Q to B 3rd (ch), and Kt mates at B 5th.

PROBLEM NO. 2808.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played at the Hastings Chess Club between Messrs. GUNNSBERG and DOBELL on the one side, and Messrs. BIRD and JENOUR on the other.

(Hampshire Gambit.)

WHITE BLACK
(Messrs. G. & D.) (Messrs. B. & J.) (Messrs. G. & D.) (Messrs. B. & J.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 17. Q to Q 3rd B to Q 2nd
2. Q Kt to B 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd 18. Kt to Q 6th B takes Kt
3. P to K 4th P takes P 19. B takes B K to R sq
4. Kt to B 3rd P to K Kt 4th 20. Castles (Q R)

White has a good game, and an attacking position, which this move greatly strengthens.

21. P to K 6th R to Kt 2nd
22. Q to Q 2nd K to R 2nd
23. B takes P Q to K 2nd
24. B to Q 5th B to B 3rd
25. B to Q 4th Q to B 3rd
26. P to K 5th Q takes B P
27. B to K 2nd Q to B 2nd
28. B takes Kt B takes R
29. Q to Q 3rd B to B 3rd
30. B to R 2nd Q to B 7th
31. B takes Kt (ch) K to R sq
32. Q to Q 2nd Q takes R P
33. P to K 6th R to K B sq
34. B to K 5th R to B 7th
35. Q to K 3rd R to Kt 7th
36. R takes R B takes R
37. B takes R (ch) K takes B
38. P to K 7th B to B 3rd
39. P to K 8th (Q) Resigns

The programme of the Vienna International Chess Tournament is just issued, and it promises to make the Congress one of more than usual magnitude. The prizes range from 6000 crowns for the first to 400 crowns for the tenth in order of success, as well as a number of special awards. Entries must be sent to the Committee of the Vienna Chess Club, Schottenstrasse, Vienna, on or before March 31, accompanied by 100 crowns deposit, to be returned at the end of the tournament, which will commence on June 1.

The annual match between the British and the St. George's Chess Club was held on Jan. 22 at the rooms of the former club, in the presence of a large number of spectators. Both sides put their strongest teams in the field, but the British, having a much wider range of talent at its command, included several of the best amateurs in the country in its representatives, and scored an easy victory without losing a single game. The score finally stood: British, 8; St. George's, 2.

Another match has commenced between Messrs. Pillsbury and Showalter. After the sturdy fight made by the latter on a previous occasion, some fine games may be expected.

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WINTRY NOTES.

BY J. A. OWEN.

A scientific lover of birds, Dr. McAlidowie, has said truly that our ignorance of the minutiae of the life history of most species is still very great, and he adds truly, "As the collecting and recording of species has been the task of our naturalists in the past, so the study of the life histories of our animals and plants, and their relations to the external forces of Nature, will form the main work of students of biology in the future." Some comprehension of the great reign of law and order under which all creatures exist, together with ourselves, is of the highest value, even to the lay student; but what the wild birds and beasts feed on, what services they render to the agriculturist, what, in fact, the part actually is which they play in this world which is our joint heritage, is a matter that concerns every man, woman, and child of the community.

White of Selborne, William and Mary Howitt, and later, Richard Jefferies, have been our guides in these fields of research. Christopher North helped also to kindle enthusiasm in the same direction. Thinking of the flight of wild geese, his beautiful words recur always to my mind: "Alas in heaven, themselves in night invisible, the gabble of a cloud of wild geese is sublime. Whence comes it, whither goes it, for what or by what power impelled? Reason sees not into the darkness of instinct, and therefore the awe-struck heart of the night-wandering boy beats to hear the league-long gabble that probably has winged its wedge-like way from the lakes and marshes and dreary morasses of Siberia, from Lapland or Iceland, or the unfrequented northern regions of America! . . . Now they are gabbling good Gaelic over a Highland wild moor, perhaps in another hour the descending cloud will be covering the wild waters at the head of the wild Loch Maree; or, silent and asleep, at anchor round Lomond's Isles."

If you sportsman whose wild geese slaughter was recorded a few years ago in a Scotch paper, who decorated his yacht with festoons of the dead bodies of two or three hundred wild geese, had been nourished in his youth upon such mental diet as the above, he would surely not have developed into a reckless slayer of wild fowl. May the cries of the "hell-hounds" pursue all such murderers until they repent!

The naturalist of the North Kent marshes tells us how in his boyhood, the old shore-shooters regarded that same gabble-retch, when, as they said, the hell-hounds—or Gabriel's hounds, as some have it—were on the hunt. "Tis onlucky to be out when the hell-hounds is on the hunt," an old fowler would tell you.

Large numbers of wigeon collect on some of our coasts. "Lady Wigeon" and "Russianett" are their popular names in Lancashire. The well-known cry of "Wheo" tells the fowler where a company is too high up in air otherwise to attract notice. The cocks make a loud whistling noise, hence their other name of Whewer—"Whee yew, we-oh!" they cry. Old sportsmen find great zest and excitement in the pursuit of wigeon—night shooting along the coast. They are wary birds, and difficult to get at; and though they cry in the air, they rise noiselessly and spring high. Wigeon find a ready sale, although they are not considered pleasant eating by connoisseurs.

By the way, one of my critics has reproved me for spelling wigeon without a "d." Does this mentor still spell pigeon with a "d," I wonder?

The hoarse cackle of the black-headed gull—the so-called laughing gull—will often fall on our ears. This bird is a great friend to the agriculturist. It comes up inland and devours great quantities of worms and grubs. It is the gull we see so many of on the Thames in cold weather—notably, of late years, by Westminster Bridge and in St. James's Park.

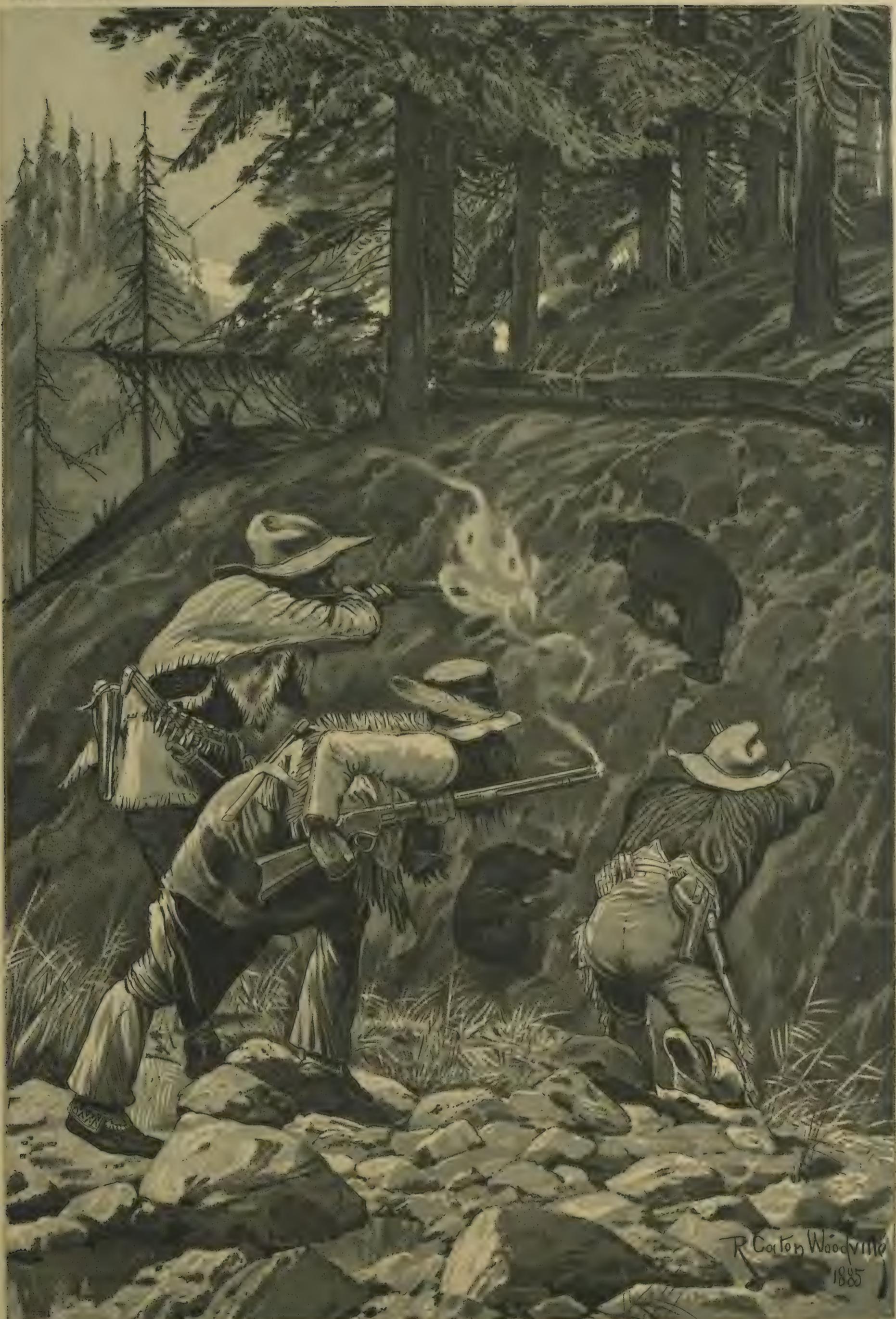
The loudly querulous notes of the cob, or great black-backed gull, are dreaded by the families of the sailor and the deep-sea fisherman. In fact, this powerful bird is disliked and feared, grand flyer though he be, by the shore-dwellers. The sitting grouse fear him also; so do the shepherds on lonely islands in the Hebrides, because he is a deadly foe to weakly lambs. A fox of water-fowl also is he; in fact, anything procurable in the shape of animal food is his quarry. He will tear the shore-shooter's duck in pieces before the man has time to get to the spot where the bird dropped.

A word for the pretty kittiwake; it is the gull which suffers most from the great skua. But its danger from this foe is as nothing compared with the barbarities perpetrated on it by the orders of the so-called gentler sex. Myriads of these graceful creatures are murdered in order to gratify feminine vanity. The small price paid for their plumes will not allow the fowlers to be merciful when in quest of them. They cut the wings off wounded birds, and throw them down, to struggle with their feet and heads on the water—to die, in fact, in agony, while their fledglings gasp unfed on the rocks above. These wings on winter hats take the place of the equally ill-procured egrets' plumes of the summer.

The harsh and prolonged screech of the barn owl falls on the ear. It is well to know that in Hawaii, at least, this bird has always been respected and protected. It even ranked there amongst the tutelary deities. According to tradition, a native who had once been condemned to be roasted to death, a prisoner of war, was saved by his guardian owl-god, who undid the cords that bound him; and to see an owl in times of danger was always a good omen.

A cheery winter song is that of the robin, and the most brilliantly coloured bird of that species I have ever seen sings, as though for me alone, from a tree in a Derbyshire garden. The late Lord Lilford told me he believed that these very brightly coloured individuals, which we meet with only occasionally, are not home-bred birds. They come to us from more sunny lands.

It is difficult to credit what, however, I know to be a fact—that last winter many smart women had the bodices of their evening gowns almost covered with the breasts of robins; they will not even leave to us that bird, whose breast, the legends tell, was reddened by contact with the cross of the Saviour, whose pity covered the babes in the wood, whom even the rudest of village schoolboys respects and spares!



HUNTING "OLD EPHRAIM" IN THE ROCKY'S.

DIPLOMATIC LIFE IN PEKING.

The life of a diplomat in the capital of the Celestial Empire, like that of Gilbert's policeman, is not a happy one. Cut off from most of the advantages of modern civilisation, the Foreign Legations have to create within their own small circles a miniature replica of the life they have left behind in the land of their nativity, and have to provide through their own powers of invention as efficient substitutes as they possibly can for those Western privileges of which they have been deprived. A diplomatic post in any of the European cities carries with it a certain amount of glamour. The occupant lives in an atmosphere of intrigue. He is one of the central figures in an international pageant, and is always engaged in the disentangling of knotty points arising out of the claims and counter-claims of rival Powers. Moreover, he is within easy reach of home, and can in a few hours, if he so desires, exchange his surroundings for more congenial ones. Things are very different in the Far East. In the first place, Peking is a difficult place to get to, although, thanks to the vigorous railway policy recently adopted by the Chinese Government, it is getting easier every day. Up to

courts leading up to the main entrance being very large, and their roofs splendid specimens of Chinese carving and gilding. In the enclosure, or "compound," are several European residences occupied by the officials attached to the Legation, and the grounds also contain students' quarters, capacious stables, a library, a chapel, tennis-lawns, and a fine bowling-alley. The social life of the Legation is made up of dinners, dances, and amateur theatricals in winter, while in summer the chief attraction is the race-course, some six miles outside the city walls in the direction of the Western hills. Race-meetings are held throughout the summer months, and the keenest interest is taken in the events. Long before the appointed days the stables are carefully looked after, the straight-necked little Chinese pony receives as much attention as a candidate for the Derby, and the clerk of the course spends many an anxious morning in superintending the condition of the ground. Little or no gambling is indulged, and it might truly be said that in the Celestial City sport is cared for for its own sake. The Peking Club, which admits to its

membership all Europeans, is another centre of attraction, and its grounds are a favourite meeting-place for the young people. It possesses magnificent tennis-lawns, a solitary billiard-table, and a fairly good library. Curio and porcelain hunting, walks on the ancient walls, and occasional trips to the surrounding hills, where temples are fitted up in European style, may be said, with the foregoing, to constitute the recreations of the Diplomatic Corps in the Far East.

Of course, there is a serious side to official life in Peking, and in these days when the rivalry of the various Powers has assumed a keenness unprecedented in China, the representatives of Western nations have to be continually on their guard against the intrigues of each other.

British prestige is well looked after by Sir Claude Macdonald and his able staff, though England's influence over the Tsung-li-Yamen (China's Foreign Office) has sadly dwindled since the days when Lord Elgin entered Peking in 1870 at the head of the allied armies of England and France. England has a formidable competitor for Chinese favours in the now admitted alliance of Russia and France. No matter what claims are put forward by our representative for the modification of our treaties in order to further encourage trade and open up the country to Western influence, they are sure to be opposed by France and Russia, whose Ministers appear to be under the impression that Albion's perfidy increases the farther she gets away from home.

Moreover, the conduct of negotiations with the Chinese is a more difficult matter than in most other countries. The members of the Chinese Government are firm believers in a policy of procrastination, and, reversing the old proverb, they never accomplish to-day what they can possibly put off till to-morrow. Even when the terms of a new convention are practically agreed to, as far as verbal discussion is concerned, it is frequently months before the document is signed. This was so in the cases of the now historic Cassini Convention, whereby Russia gained such advantages in the north; the Franco-Chinese Convention, which was so wilfully exaggerated by M. Gerard, the French Minister; and also the recent Anglo-Chinese Convention, through which Sir Claude Macdonald secured for England such valuable prospective advantages on the south-west frontier of China.

Unlike the Courts of Europe, the Court at Peking does not willingly receive the foreign representatives. It is only a few years ago since they were permitted to see the Emperor, and the frequent delays and discussions which took place over the ceremony which had to be performed in the audience-chamber well illustrates the Chinese methods of conducting international relationships. The Emperor used to lay the flattering unction to his soul that he exercised suzerainty over the whole world, and that all other Kings or Queens were mere

tributaries of his. Hence he insisted that should he admit the foreign representatives they must perform the kowtow, or prostration. The Ambassadors, of course, were not going to submit to such an indignity, and they refused to appear in the audience-chamber. A compromise was



A GROUP OF LEGATION OFFICIALS.

suggested by the Emperor's advisers. They proposed erecting a high table some distance from the throne, so that when the foreign Ministers bowed behind it would appear to the Son of Heaven as though they were kowtowing to him. This idea was naturally scouted, and the Emperor was forced to receive them in the ordinary way in which Ministers are received in European Courts. These receptions do not encroach very much upon the time of diplomatists, as the Emperor only "receives" once a year, and then he only keeps the visitors for about five minutes.

Student interpreters, although not strictly belonging to the Diplomatic Corps, may be said to form part of the *entourage* of a Minister. They do not, it is true, bear the responsibilities of chief officials; but they nevertheless have their work to do, and were it only the learning of the Chinese language, that in itself is no small task. They are, to some extent, compensated for the discomforts of the Far East by having to pass fewer subjects in the Civil Service examination, and by being able to proceed direct to their posts without entering college.



A COURT LEADING TO THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE.

They obtain £200 a year, and are eventually promoted to a consulship. The English Government sometimes makes a grave mistake in removing to a European post an official whose services are invaluable in Chinese negotiations. This has occurred more than once, and the knowledge gained after years of study is thus practically thrown away. If England's interests are to be properly safeguarded there should be promoted to positions of trust those men who by long and intimate acquaintance with the people know the way to deal with them.

A. EDMONDS.

Only those well versed in that most interesting study, heraldry, have any idea what ridiculous mistakes sometimes occur through the using of arms and crests without full inquiry into their meaning, or through the leaving of heraldic detail to engravers unacquainted with the laws of blazon. Mistakes such as a knight's helmet instead of that of an esquire; a single or widow lady's arms displayed in a shield; a crest facing the wrong way, and the like are absurdly common, while the error of placing a crest within a garter is frequently met with. People who use armorial bearings ought to study heraldry, under an expert such as Mr. Culleton, of Cranbourn Street, who is an authority on English and foreign heraldry, or some equally trustworthy enthusiast on the subject.

OUTSIDE THE LEGATION WALLS.

within a few months ago, however, the journey from the seacoast to the capital was one involving much fatigue, especially to ladies. If there happened to be plenty of water in the Peiho River, it was possible to proceed with comparative comfort as far as Tientsin. Thence the hundred miles between that point and the capital had to be performed either on horseback, in springless carts which threatened with every revolution of the wheels to shake the life out of the passenger, or in garlic-odoured house-boats, up the Peiho River to Tung-Chow, where the passengers are transferred to the canal, which goes right up to the city wall. The horror of that journey, especially if performed in winter, has been the means of inducing ladies to stay in Peking for much longer periods than they would otherwise have done. Unpleasant at the outset is the daily contact with a new and not particularly cleanly population. This feeling of repugnance, however, is speedily got over, the obedience, fidelity, and intelligence of the Chinese



ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH LEGATION.

servant making up for any other shortcomings he may possess.

The British Legation in Peking, or the Ying-Kwo-Fu, as the Chinese call it, has an advantage over most of the other Legations, both in acreage and the commodious character of its buildings. The Ambassador's Palace, where Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, resides, was formerly the residence of a Prince of the Blood, and was granted to the use of Britain's representative in 1861. It is a magnificent structure of purely Oriental design, the



H.M.S. Caesar.

H.M.S. Majestic.

Coal Derricks and Lighters.

COALING MEN-OF-WAR AT PORTSMOUTH.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. C. J. De Lacy.

H.M.S. Prince George.

Entrance to Portsmouth Harbour.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR UGANDA: ARRIVAL OF AN INDIAN CONTINGENT AT MOMBASA.

From Photographs by Mr B. Whitehouse, Mombasa



PART OF THE CAMP OF THE 27TH BOMBAY INFANTRY, MOMBASA.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CAMP.



THE OFFICERS' CAMP: IN THE BACKGROUND THE SPORTS CLUB.



REGIMENTAL STORE ON THE TROLLEY LINE FROM KILINDINI TO MOMBASA.



THE DEPARTURE CAMP, OPPOSITE KILINDINI RAILWAY TERMINUS.

THE INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISE OF '98.

MR. HOOLEY'S HYDRAULIC JOINT.

It was, if we remember aright, in the early autumn of 1896 that Mr. Ernest T. Hooley invited a number of gentlemen to witness at Nottingham the first demonstration of the

principle of hydraulic jointing. At that period Mr. Charles T. Crowden's invention was hardly beyond its embryo stage; yet it was sufficiently advanced to draw from a noted expert the assertion that by adopting it his firm alone would effect an immense saving — something like £40,000 a year! A recent inquiry on our part as to the economy likely to be effected by the use of the hydraulic patents led to the answer that Crowden's

MR. CHARLES T. CROWDEN,
THE INVENTOR.

system would save nearly fifteen shillings per cycle-frame; so that there can be little, if any, doubt as to its early general adoption by the trade.

WHAT IT IS FOR.

The object of this invention is for jointing articles of tubular construction when made in large quantities (cycle-frames and the like), without solder, brazing, or heating, which are detrimental to the tubes or joints, it being necessary in the case of brazing to reinforce the joints or parts with inside tubes to strengthen the parts weakened by the heat of the brazing process. After, say, a cycle-frame is brazed together, it has to be sand-blasted and filed up for enamelling, notwithstanding the parts were all finished and put together for the brazing process, they being practically spoiled by the overheating and the materials used in that process.

Again, a cycle-frame, although perfectly true before brazing, has to be straightened or reset, it having been distorted by the process. The hydraulic system of jointing does away with all the disadvantages of the brazing process. In the first place, no heating, spelter, borax, or solder are required. Secondly, the parts jointed by the hydraulic process are finished before the process, and when completed can be enamelled or painted. Thirdly, the frames are all perfectly true and alike, and are not distorted by the process in any way; and lastly, the hydraulic process means a saving of 50 per cent. in room, materials, labour, tools, etc.

All this is effected by the apparently simple process of putting a cycle-frame together with special lugs, or joints

can be found to interfere with Crowden's system of hydraulic jointing. The chief feature of the invention is that it entirely dispenses with screwing, brazing, welding, or heating, and the like methods usually adopted in the construction of tubular frame work.

It may be stated that the experimental apparatus was worked by hand only. On a large scale the hydraulic accumulator will be worked by power; again, all the holding-down bolts in the "jig" will be removed, and in future apparatus it will be held together by the same hydraulic pressure that does the work. One large power accumulator would suffice to supply several sets of apparatus. It is estimated that three sets will joint 1000 cycle-frames per week, and will dispense with nearly the same number of workpeople and their supervision, besides saving brazing, sand-blast, filing-up, emery cloth, files, wages, rent, taxes, gas, buildings, etc. Most of the space of our large cycle factories is at present employed for the process of brazing, filing-up, etc., so that the output of existing cycle-factories could be increased about 30 per cent. by the application of this invention.

HOW IT IS DONE.

The jointing is effected by putting direct hydraulic pressure upon the frame, or article of tubular construction, and expanding the tube or tubes into recesses formed in the sockets or joints connecting the tubes. This pressure can be applied either internally or externally, as circumstances may require. When the pressure is applied internally, the tubular construction, or the cycle-frame, is placed in a mould capable of sustaining an enormous amount of pressure.

Mr. W. Worby Beaumont, M.Inst.C.E., addressing the Society of Arts on developments in mechanical road-carriages, pointed out that the only novelty in building up cycle-frames which had been introduced was that of Mr. C. T. Crowden, according to which the tubes were slipped into their connecting collars or other parts, such as the cycle head and crank bracket, and then subjected to an internal water-pressure of about 2½ tons to the square inch. The inside of the sockets, of whatever form, are first grooved, so that under the water-pressure the thin tube is swelled into the grooves. The sockets and tubes are, for the purpose of the process, placed within strong, well-fitting cast-iron clamped dies or moulds, so that the water-pressure does not burst either the thin pipe or the sockets.

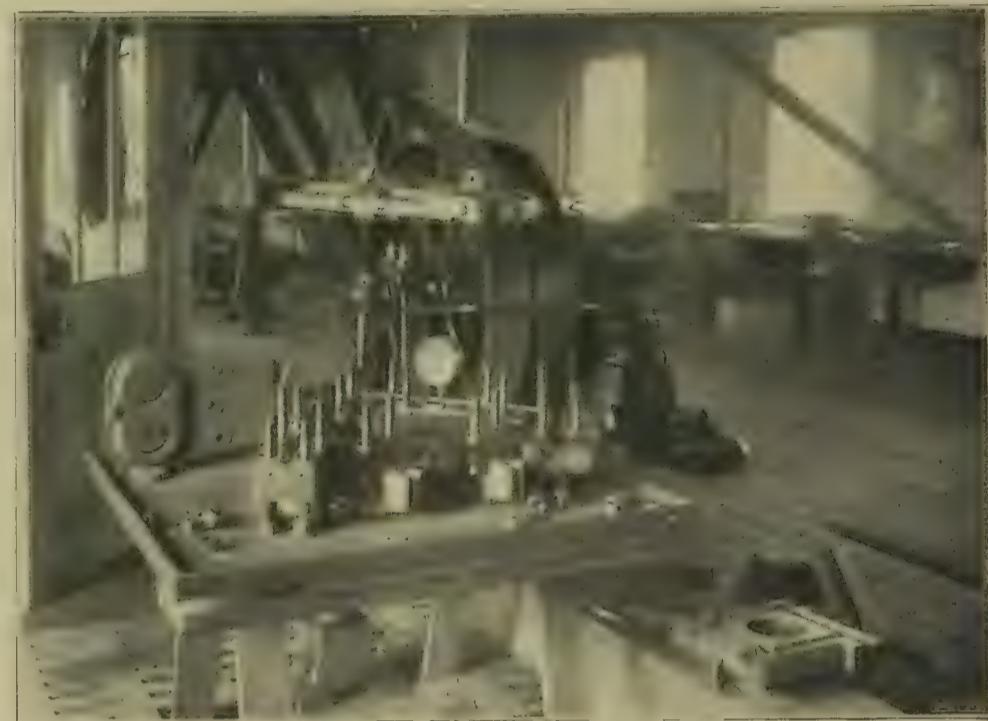
Divested of technicalities, the secret of the success of the principle upon which the hydraulic joint is made is that, from the law of equal pressure, every portion of the sides of a containing-vessel is exposed to pressure corresponding to that which is exercised by the application of the direct fluid pressure against it; so that

no point in the whole length of a tube to be welded can possibly escape the welding action of the force transmitted by the water. As the welding, or jointing, is performed automatically, under the immutable laws of hydraulics all parts of the joint must be equally affected. The sockets or lugs which connect the tubes have formed in them grooves in contrary directions, so that the direct internal fluid pressure in the tube expands or bulges the tube into the recesses formed in the sockets; and the tube having been during the expansion pressed beyond its elastic limit there is no tendency whatever in the tube to go back to its original form. Not only is the tube forced into the recesses, but it is at the same time pressed against the walls of the lug, making the joint between the tube and the socket almost homogeneous.

ABOUT THE INVENTOR.

Mr. Crowden, the inventor, began his engineering career with Messrs. Stothert and Pitt, of Bath, and during

the period he was in their employ he constructed the first tangent wheel. Then he designed the dwarf bicycle, called the "Kangaroo," and in conjunction with the late Mr. Pausey patented the rear-driver, and what is known as the chainless safety, which, after lying dormant for several years, was sold to the Pope Manufacturing Company, U.S.A. Later he patented, among other things, an invention for making cycles without brazing; for a great many years he was with Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, London; and subsequently became chief engineer to Messrs. Humber and Co., Limited, Beeston. Some of his early mechanical joints are used on every "safety" cycle now constructed. At his plan for constructing brazeless cycles he worked for some years, finally abandoning it in favour of his hydraulic system, which bids fair, in the opinion of experts, to entirely supersede brazing.



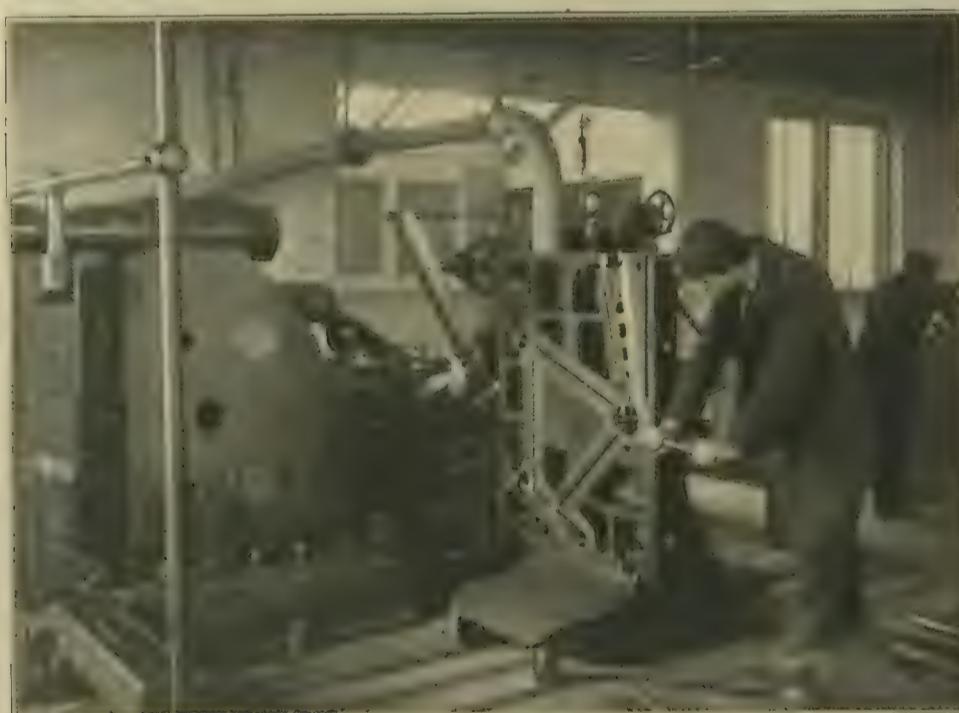
MR. CROWDEN'S ORIGINAL EXPERIMENTAL APPARATUS, SHOWING JIG ARRANGED FOR BOLTING.

The advantages of the hydraulic system over the brazing process are numerous. Addressing the Institute of Mechanical Engineers at their annual meeting at Birmingham, Mr. T. B. Sharp expressed the opinion that "with a mechanical arrangement of joint a cycle-frame could be produced which would be 15 to 20 per cent. stronger than if brazing were had recourse to, and there would be no dangerous points of weakness just where strength was specially required." The substitution of the hydraulic process for that of brazing would set free a very large proportion of the workmen and of the space in cycle-factories, thus largely increasing the output, while there would be a considerable saving in the cost of fuel, gas, and brazing materials.

LORDS ASHBURTON, CRAWFORD, AND HOOD,
AND COLONEL DYER APPROVE.

Several visits to the scene of the manufacture have been paid by the Directors of the Hydraulic Joint Syndicate (Limited)—Lord Ashburton, the Earl of Crawford, Viscount Hood, and others—and since the completion of the machinery the process of hydraulic jointing has been witnessed by the well-known eminent expert, Colonel Dyer, Chairman of the Employers' Federation, who signified his entire approval of the hydraulic process.

A similar device, it may be mentioned, has been patented by Mr. Crowden for manufacturing wheel-hubs for cycles and other purposes, in which a long mould or "jig" is constructed, having formed inside suitable recesses, a length of weldless steel tube being inserted in the mould. Hydraulic pressure being applied internally, the tube is expanded into the recesses formed in the mould. The mould is then separated, and the whole length of tube is converted into a length of wheel-hubs, which can be sawn off by a power hack-saw, so that two dozen or more hubs can be made by one single operation in a few minutes. This system would be very much cheaper



TRAVELLING PORTION OF JIG AND PRESS, WITH CYCLE-FRAME IN POSITION.

having internal spiral grooves which are right and left handed. The whole frame is put into a mould, or "jig," which acts as a supporting medium; hydraulic pressure is admitted into the tubes; the tubes are forced into grooves formed in the joints; the pressure is then allowed to escape, and the frame, when removed, is joined together. All joints are done by one operation. A cycle can be jointed in the space of a few minutes. The process has been here described for cycle frame work, but it can be applied to anything of tubular construction.

ADAPTABLE TO ANYTHING TUBULAR.

This new and entirely novel method of jointing can be adapted to the construction of cycles, motor-cars, carriages, etc.—in fact, to anything of tubular construction. Its adaptation covers so large a field in various industries that its value cannot at present be estimated. The patents have been thoroughly examined; a search has been made at the Patent Office, and no anticipation of prior or later date



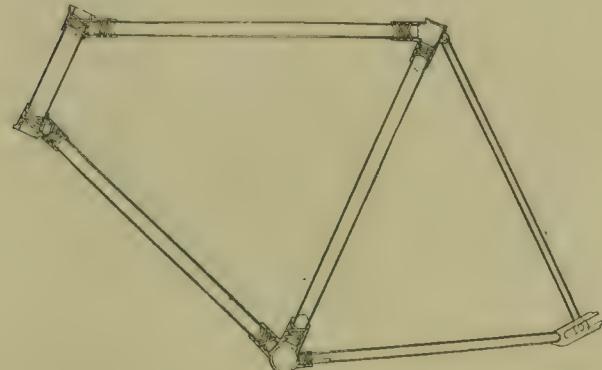
EXPERIMENTAL MOULD, OR JIG, FOR CYCLE-FRAMES.

in every respect than the ordinary hub-machines, which now make hubs from the solid steel bar. This patent is also the property of the Hydraulic Joint Syndicate (Limited).

DEVELOPMENTS.

A few words concerning the development of the hydraulic joint may be fittingly added. In 1886 Mr. Crowden

patented a jointing apparatus suitable for cycle-frames and other tubular constructions. This was done by forming grooves or recesses in the lugs or tubes, and by beading them together by a system of expanders, or beading-rollers. Although this article was brought to the notice of several cycle firms, they did not think it advisable to dispense with brazing at that time. Since the hydraulic system has been brought out this system has been patented by several inventors, and has been put on the market, and in some cases the patents have been sold for large sums. The hydraulic system was an innovation that required considerable development. It was impossible to put it on the market instantly, and a large sum of money and a great deal of time have been spent in bringing it into a state of perfection. Nearly all the cycle firms are on the look-out for a mechanical system dispensing with brazing. During the last two years several patents have been taken out for this, and some are in the market, but none will compare with the hydraulic system, which makes all the joints at one operation, practically constructing a unit from the whole. This only goes to show that when once a clever invention of this kind is shown or described to the public, they begin



SECTION OF CYCLE-FRAME, SHOWING JOINTS MADE HYDRAULICALLY.

to think how best to imitate it, most of them going over the same ground which the original inventor has travelled years before.

BOILER-TUBES.

Hydraulic jointing will doubtless ere long be adapted to the expanding of tubes in boilers, especially those used by her Majesty's ships, vessels of various countries, and the mercantile marine generally—boilers of the tubular type, for which the hydraulic joint system is particularly applicable. Some of these boilers, as is well known, contain from 10,000 to 12,000 tubes in large sizes, and are very awkward to expand or drift either on sea or land. Mr. Crowden has invented an apparatus which is portable, which can be taken either into the steam or water tubes and placed in position covering a series of tubes. These can be expanded in a few minutes after the apparatus is fixed, no drifting or mechanical expanding being required. Naval engineers would, when at sea, find this apparatus far easier to manipulate than the present system. Sets of this apparatus could be carried and constructed especially for the boilers of the vessel carrying the apparatus in case of repair or renewal of tubes.

The apparatus which has been recently constructed is intended, at present, to deal with cycle-frames only; consequently a mould, or jig, has to be constructed to suit the pattern of the frame to be jointed. Although the jig, or mould, is capable of alteration to suit the several heights of different frames, in the case of tandems or multi-cycles and special machines, of which only a few are required, it would not pay commercially to construct the jig for doing these machines. Mr. Crowden has

portion of the frame, or frames, could be jointed by hydraulic pressure in combination with a simple mechanical joint, as it would not be possible to apply hydraulic pressure to the few remaining joints. The invention can be used in a similar manner in the construction of ordnance, gun-carriages, motor-car frames, and anything of tubular construction, provided there is sufficient quantity to pay the initial cost of the necessary tools and appliances.

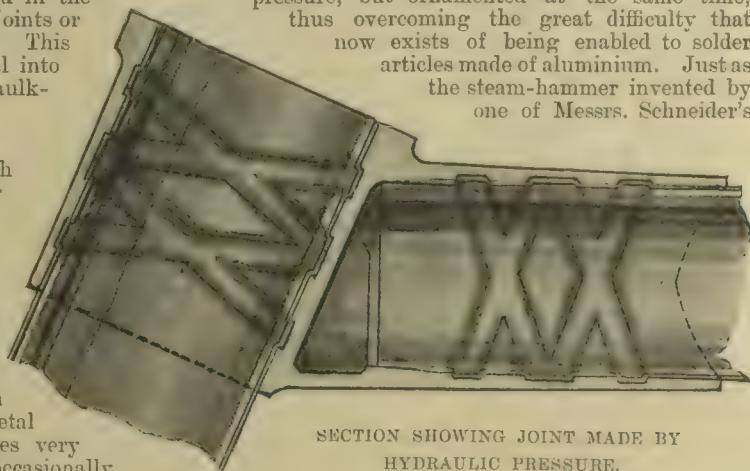
THE PRESSURE.

Up to now the maximum pressure used by this process has been up to several tons to the square inch only, but there is no reason why the present pressure should not be doubled, or even quadrupled, for the use of heavy materials, such as ordnance, etc. It is almost impossible at this moment to estimate the extent to which this marvellous invention can be developed in the near future. It can be used, for example, in laying down lines of pipes for conveying gas or water under pressure. In the case of laying a pipe, say for water, each length of pipe would have formed at each end a socket similar to those now in use with the ordinary lead jointing, but the sockets and spigots in this case would be fitted with grooves or recesses. Into each length of pipe would be inserted a soft metal ring, or liner; the pipes, after being laid, would be subjected to a pressure far beyond the working pressure, but below the bursting pressure; the soft metal ring would expand in the grooves or recesses, thus making water-tight joints or pressure joints between each length of pipe. This would be far better than pouring molten metal into the joints and driving the same home with a caulking tool.

ALUMINIUM CYCLE-FRAMES.

The hydraulic process can be used with aluminium equally as well as with steel or other metals, but up to now it has been found impossible to construct cycle-frames of aluminium with any success, as a reliable solder or brazing material could not be found. The hydraulic joint system lends itself to the use of aluminium for cycle-frames, as it requires no heat, or solder, or flux of any kind. Cycle-frames of aluminium are now usually cast in a mould in one piece, and are of great thickness; the metal forming the walls of the tube is sometimes very weak in places owing to the cores being occasionally shifted by the molten metal. Some attempts have been made to joint aluminium cycle-frames by mechanical means, such as beading or rolling the tubes into grooves formed internally or externally. Since Mr. Crowden's patents, another system of cotter pins and nuts enables aluminium tubes to be used in certain portions of the frame only, such as the main tubes. The other joints having to be joined are necessarily made of steel in the usual way. Another inventor who has been trying to braze or solder aluminium professes to have succeeded on several occasions, but he has at last brought before the public a joint of a mechanical nature, in which a few joints of a cycle-frame can be jointed very satisfactorily. This joint, although very satisfactory, is somewhat difficult to utilise in cycle construction, owing to the fact that holes have to be made in the sockets and lugs to insert the

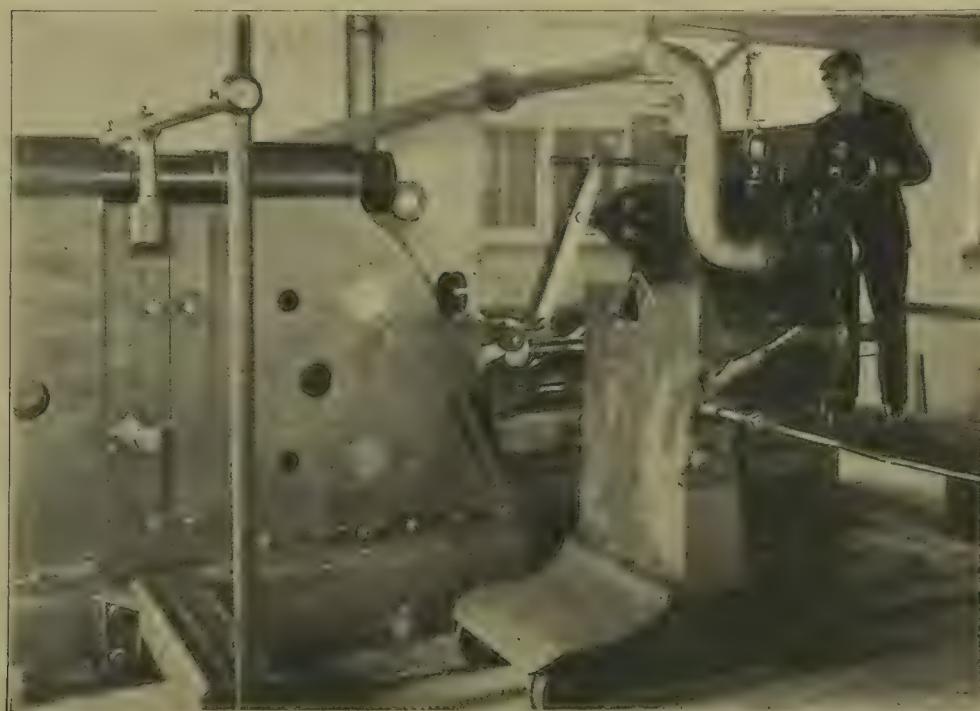
and placed in a mould, which holds the frame in position while the process is being performed, hydraulic pressure being simply applied and taken off; the whole joints of the frame are made simultaneously by one operation without the use of cotter pins, wedges, keys, or bushes of any kind. Not only can the process be used for cycle construction generally, but for the construction of various tubular or circular forms in aluminium. The hydraulic joint process dispenses with the great difficulties hitherto experienced in the construction of articles of aluminium where jointing is necessary. The invention can be applied to nearly all articles that are made of aluminium, the necessary jointing and ornamenting being effected by hydraulic pressure. Not only can the articles be jointed by hydraulic pressure, but ornamented at the same time, thus overcoming the great difficulty that now exists of being enabled to solder articles made of aluminium. Just as the steam-hammer invented by one of Messrs. Schneider's



SECTION SHOWING JOINT MADE BY HYDRAULIC PRESSURE.

engineers at Creuzot can exert a pressure of many tons per square inch or descend so gently as to crack a nut, so the screw portion of such insignificant articles as the tops of scent-bottles can be simultaneously formed and ornamented by means of that same marvellous hydraulic pressure which will squeeze together steel tubes!

The photographs from which our illustrations are produced were specially taken by Mr. R. Thomas.



FRAME PLACED IN POSITION IN THE PRESS READY TO RECEIVE HYDRAULIC PRESSURE.

invented an apparatus with which joints can be made, both individually or all at once, by means of a similar apparatus that could be used for expanding boiler-tubes. It would then be only necessary to make a clamp to support that portion of the frame to which hydraulic pressure is applied. In the case of a multicycle, the major

necessary tools which are being used to effect the joints, unlike the hydraulic joint system, by which a frame composed of aluminium parts can be assembled together without the use of pins, screws, or pegs to fix or maintain the position of the parts before the process is effected. The frame is put together



MR. CROWDEN'S FIRST EXPERIMENTAL HYDRAULIC APPARATUS.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

The possession of country cousins—and few escape it—has several aspects. One may be considered eminently satisfactory from the autumn house-party-invitation point of view. Another, which comes to be looked at less gratefully, is that of the never-failing list of commissions which arrive by post once a week, more or less, and cause us to wonder longingly what life would be like if we had no relations. There is, however, a third state more harassing



A WHITE SATIN EVENING GOWN.

still, and that is when one's bucolic sixth-cousins arrive in town, breezily bent on honeymoons, house-furnishing, mere amusement, or other frivolous affairs of no moment. With two such batches of remote, unfriended—but alack the day! by no means melancholy or slow belongings have I been whizzed through the last eight days at tobogganing rate of speed. If I explain that one set hails from Yorkshire and the other from Tipperary, no more need be said; also that a correctly simulated baronial hall on one side and the latest in frocks on another were the deadly intents of their several journeys to town, myself being inevitably thrown in as a convenient, obliging, and on-the-spot guide, philosopher, friend, and, above all, victim.

Now this is not the season for fresh fashions or pastures new in millinery, as all the world of woman knoweth. But did that incident matter to the astute and artless Hibernian cousin, though her husband was dragged off in the thick of the hunting? Not at all. "If we can't have Paris fashions there is always the play, you know," she argues; and with that unanswerable amendment we relapse into dumbness. Meanwhile every theatre has been negotiated, with matinées thrown in, so as not to waste time; the sales explored, the curiosity-shops turned over, until I cry for mercy, and all but drop a tear of gratitude when the evening train from Euston puts a period to the hand-gallop. But the baronial hall contingent from Yorkshire still remain very fresh, very ardent, and very persevering in the pursuit of ancient and modern oak. If this were truly all, it would be well. But a dozen times in every afternoon I have to restrain the enthusiasm which would rush into every furniture-shop as something in passing presents itself too intoxicating to be left there and not paid for on the spot. The mental strain that prospective oak dining-room has cost me will not be discounted by a thousand good dinners therein. What with raptures and rushings after French rapiers, Roman morions, Nankin dishes, Renaissance coffers, and other freaks of furniture, variously at variance with the plot of the baronial banqueting-room, it was with unspeakable relief that my impulsive charges were at last lured into the safe and sheltering shades of Hewetson's, where they had the guidance of well-authorised and trustworthy experts to lead them worthily and picturesquely to their Early English goal. When in doubt on the subject of all periods that relate to oaken plenishing, "try Hewetson" is well-bestowed advice, and from what I can hear and judge, that dining-room will now go far towards making a joy of the evening hour with its tapestry hangings, lofty overmantel, inglenook, "linen" panelling, buffet, bottle cupboards, and all completing et-ceteras.

The season beyond the Irish Channel looms large. Viceregal gaieties are in the air, and West-End milliners are busy over the panoply of forthcoming vanquishings and victories. Here *par exemple* are items in the devastating

roll-call of a popular beauty's trousseau. One evening gown of rich white satin, garnished at foot with guipure of the most approved consequence, edgings of chiffon being supplied therewith to glorify same. Velvet bows of faint lettuce-green make service on skirt and for waistband and upper sleeves conformably with the colour of the country, and a dog-collar and hair-clasp of diamonds and pearls *en suite* seek worthy companionship with this lightsome raiment, finally destined to figure at St. Patrick's Ball in this year of grace and glory. Here, also, for the greater entertainment and edification, not to mention envy, of Grafton Street on a fine afternoon, is appended—or added, as you will—a cloth walking-gown, loyally built in arbutus green, a smart design in white cloth appliquéd trimming bodice and sleeves, while the skirt, with shaped godet flounce, is treated to match; the inevitable bow of point d'esprit or chiffon shows at neck, and a full vest of ivory lace over white mouseline makes the coat a thing of joy and its wearer one of beauty, given, *nem. con.*, the most ordinary pink cheeks and black eyelashes.

And so we are really to hark five-and-twenty years back to Princess robes once again! Having carefully sifted the chaff from Parisian canards of chiffons, I am reduced to that inevitable and shapely conclusion. Of course for women with figures properly so considered, all will be well; but how about the dumpy, the rotund, the— I really cannot pursue the subject further. Shrieking caricatures of old-day *Punchs* present themselves to bar all argument; and yet the Princess robe is certainly a fixture of the forthcoming, and we are even invited to consider it "elegant" and eminently becoming. *O tempora! O, etc.*

In pursuing the painful path of duty as understood by afternoon calls, the exigencies brought me into Mount Street, Mayfair, some days ago. When passing by that seventh heaven of artistic crockery popularly known as Phillips's, I turned in to admire the extended glories of their new establishment. For these superb galleries cannot be summed up as a shop. The term is inadequate. They are more like the apotheosis of trading as already foreshadowed of the twentieth century, when this round-about world will doubtless discover belted Earls as not only cab-proprietors, coal-merchants, actors, but "what's-the-next-article" young men, while the descendants of our great middle-classes flourish greatly in homes that were once ancestral. Be that as it may, Phillips's china collection is advisedly a sight to be seen, and a new development in Worcester Ware, by which the ivory tint of tradition is admixed with a deliciously subtle grey-green as the basis of much ornamentation, will at once command the appreciation of the connoisseur on the look-out for aesthetic additions to his cabinet.

Theatre and table d'hôte bodices are the crux of the moment, inasmuch as everybody is either going or gone abroad, and dressmakers are "rushed" to their utmost limits in providing three or four smart bodices to a single skirt. A fascinating example of the kind was brought before me at a Bond Street modiste's this week, and being *chic* to the last degree, may be read of with advantage by those in search of an inspiration. This jacket, which is made tight-fitting, and with a short basque, cut in square tabs, was composed of palest green and black mouseline-de-soie over silks of the same colours. The vest of black, very finely gathered, the coat itself of pale green, revers of white satin sewn with emeralds and jet sequins; square epaulettes to match and similarly embroidered, fell over the pale green sleeves with excellent effect; the waistband and square tabs of basque were in black, and the whole effect most alluring. A cravat of ivory lace, wound in stock fashion round the neck, was tied in front, the ends falling over the black vest.

SYBIL.

NOTE S.

General politics are in such a critical phase in many respects that the several forthcoming local elections are likely to receive somewhat scant attention. Yet they deal with topics so important to our social well-being that it is most desirable that due notice should be accorded to them, and perhaps the women householders, being freed from all responsibility for affairs in China, in South Africa, and on the Indian frontier, may fairly be expected to take the more interest in the questions of municipal and parish government on which they are summoned to vote. The London County Council election forthcoming in March is receiving notice from ladies on both sides. On the Moderate (which means the Conservative) side, Lady Tweeddale is organising a corps of lady canvassers, which includes already almost as many members of the Peerage as a Drawing-Room: while the Progressives on their side are asking for the aid of the Women's Liberal Associations. The election of members of Boards of Guardians all over the country, however, is more especially woman's business.

To vote for members of a Board is one thing, to be a member in person another, and by far the more important. Women cannot sit upon either County or Town Councils, though they have votes (if they be independent householders) for the members of both bodies. But ladies may be members of Boards of Guardians, and over nine hundred actually now sit in that capacity. In a few districts one-half of the members elected have been of the sex which certainly knows most about domestic matters, and these form a large part of the business of Boards of Guardians. In other Boards, where a smaller proportion of the members are women, it has been decided by the vote of their men colleagues that all the cases of unfortunate girls, or women suffering from disease, shall be seen by the lady guardians alone at first—a great gain for the feelings, probably not yet hardened, of the poor creatures concerned, and obviously a most right and decent arrangement. In the old people's wards many lady guardians are proving themselves true blessings; and, especially if helped by the matron, they can do much by kindly attentions to lighten the burden of poverty and age combined. The advent of lady guardians is often signalled to the aged inmates by

their introducing the working devices of the Brabazon scheme—that is, teaching the aged paupers new varieties of occupation, knitting, netting, embroidery, etc., that divert the weary hours; while the results are sold periodically, and the receipts therefrom are spent on little luxuries for the inmates of the wards as a whole. All this is obscure and almost unthanked work, but it is worth doing.

There is at least one charity organised and supported by women exclusively for the benefit of men. This is "The Flannel Shirt Club," started under the presidency of the Countess of Strafford about a year ago; its object is to supply the male patients leaving hospitals with the necessary warm garment named—a most valuable aid to convalescents in the winter. The association has issued a satisfactory report of progress. The hon. sec. is Miss Lampert, 52, St. John's Wood Road, who will be glad to get offers of any help, either in doing needlework or supplying materials.

Mrs. Wynford Philipps (whose husband, by the way, is standing for the Denbighshire vacancy) is to be congratulated on the success of her "Women's Institute," in connection with the Grosvenor Club. Its object is to bring together those interested in women's work of all kinds, and as one means to that end, a course of lectures on the subject by distinguished ladies has been organised. Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., fresh from her success in performing a difficult operation on Miss Marie Corelli (that notable little lady herself desired that it should be known that her surgeon had been a woman) delivered a lecture at the Institute, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, last week, the subject being "Women in the Medical Profession." Mrs. Scharlieb and Mrs. Garrett-Anderson, sitting side by side, certainly looked a couple of ideal doctors, with their wise, calm, strong faces. Both wore black silk, Mrs. Scharlieb relieving hers with a smart little cap of black velvet trimmed with pearls and white feathers, and Mrs. Anderson by a white chiffon vest and several diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Scharlieb began her medical studies about twenty years ago in Madras, and practised there for some years, after that coming home to take the M.D. and B.S. degrees of London University, where she carried off the gold medal in the examination on diseases of women. She told the meeting how the Queen sent for her on her return in 1883 to a personal interview, and after hearing from her some details of the needless suffering and deaths of the shut-in Indian women, who are not allowed to be seen by male doctors, her Majesty said that "Whatever might be the opinion of anybody as to, medical women in England, nobody could doubt that for India they were an absolute necessity," and she charged Dr. Scharlieb to convey to the ladies of India her royal sympathy with their needs, and her gladness to think that steps were being taken, by the medical education of members of their own sex, towards the alleviation



A CLOTH WALKING COSTUME.

of their sufferings. It was then that her Majesty laid personally upon Lady Dufferin the duty of helping in providing women doctors for India, which that gracious and able Vicereine so well performed. Dr. Scharlieb stated that there are over one hundred and fifty women now practising medicine in London and the suburbs alone, while more than three hundred have qualified from the London Medical School, besides many from other places of training, and, she added drily, "we all manage to live." She mentioned that three women doctors have been sent out by the Government to help fight the plague in India, of which there is an unfortunate rerudescence at this moment.

F. F.-M.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 7, 1880), and three codicils (dated Sept. 21, 1882, March 9, 1892, and Oct. 28, 1896), of Mr. Gottlieb Friedrich Eyssen, of 80, Ladbrooke Grove, Notting Hill, who died on Dec. 13, were proved on Jan. 20 by Mr. Gottfried Eyssen, the brother, the executor, the value of the personal estate being £79,851 8s. 2d. The testator gives £1000 to Louis Raiser; £1000 to C. Neher; £2500 and £100 to his brother Gottfried Eyssen; £100 to his nephew, Georg Sebastian Rittner; and £500 each to the German Hospital (Dalston) and the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress. The residue of his property he leaves between all his brothers and sisters, the share of his deceased brother Conrad to be taken by his children, Remy Alexander Eyssen and Bertha Brückman.

The will (dated July 29, 1896) of the Very Rev. William Charles Lake, D.D., formerly Dean of Durham, late of 8, Eaton Place, S.W., and Kanescombe, Torquay, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on Jan. 21 by Mrs. Katharine Lake, the widow, and John Evelyn Gladstone, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £76,446. The testator gives £300 and his household furniture, pictures, books, etc., to his wife, and during her life she is to have the income of £5000 and the use of 8, Eaton Place and of his silver plate; £5000 and, at the decease of Mrs. Lake, his plate to his nephew, Colonel Percy Harry Noel Lake; £4000 to his brother, Colonel Percy Godfrey B. Lake; £4000 each to his sister, Mrs. Marion Holmes, and his nephew, Richard Lake; £3000 to his niece, Mabel Lake; £1000, upon trust, for the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the payment of a lecturer on theology; £300 to the Rector of Huntspill, upon trust, to distribute the income at Christmas among deserving widows of the age of sixty or upwards in such proportions as he shall think fit, and other legacies to friends and servants. Subject to the life interest of his wife he appoints out of the funds of their marriage settlement

£15,000 to his nephew, Colonel Percy Harry Noel Lake, and £2000 each to his brother, Colonel Percy Godfrey B. Lake, his sister, Mrs. Marion Holmes, his nephew, Richard Lake, and his niece, Mabel Lake. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, Colonel Percy Harry Noel Lake, and his brother, Colonel Percy Godfrey B. Lake, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 5, 1897) of the Right Hon. Hercules George Robert, Baron Rosmead, P.C., G.C.M.G., of 42, Prince's Gardens, S.W., Rosmead, Westmeath, and Tafelberg, South Africa, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Jan. 24 by the Right Hon. Nea Arthur Ada Rose D'Amour, Dowager Baroness Rosmead, the widow, the Right Hon. Hercules Arthur Temple, second Baron Rosmead, the son, and Frederick Charles Burnett, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £62,149. The testator bequeaths £1000, such plate and linen as she may select, an annuity of £820, and one moiety of the interest on a sum of about £7000, to his wife; the golden bowl presented to him by the King of Burma, and a silver cup to his daughter Mrs. Nora Augusta Maud Durant; the silver Chinese tea-service given him by the Merchants of Hong-Kong, the gold medals presented to him by the Melbourne and Sydney Exhibitions, and a silver figure of Marie Antoinette, to his daughter Mrs. Neredah Dawkins; the sword given to him by the Japanese Ambassadors, and all his orders, stars, papers, and letters to his son; and legacies to servants and his executor, Mr. Burnett. During the life of his widow, annuities of £100 each are to be paid to his two daughters, an annuity of £80 to his granddaughter, Bertha Snowdrop Stevenson, and the income of the remainder of his property to his son. At her decease he gives £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Durant; £2000 each, upon trust, for his granddaughters Bertha Snowdrop Stevenson and Neva St. John Stevenson, and the ultimate residue to his son. He confirms the settlements made on the marriage of his son and of his daughter Mrs. Dawkins.

The will (dated April 5, 1897) of Mrs. Georgiana Vincent, of 2, Hyde Park Terrace, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on Jan. 14 by Lieutenant-Colonel George Blagrove Paton and Frederick Lechmere Paton, the nephews, and Robert Blyth Dods, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £36,872. The testatrix gives £2000 each to her nieces, Isabella Dent, Adeline Paton, Edith Ann Anson, Sophia Rogers, and Alice Buchanan; £3000 each to her nephews, John Henry Blagrove, Frederick Lechmere Paton, Walter Boldero Paton, Frederick Mein, and Alexander Lechmere Mein; £3000, upon trust, for her nieces, Ellen Veronica Lovell; £1000 to her sister Laura Paton; £2000 to her sister Annette Augusta Dyke; £100 each to the Hospital for Incurables (Putney) and St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington); £300 each to her executors; and a few other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her nephew, Lieutenant-Colonel George Blagrove Paton.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1893) of Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., of Cober Hill, Cloughton, near Scarborough, and 26, Lennox Gardens, Pont Street, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Jan. 24 by Dame Julia Lockwood, the widow, Alfred Lockwood, the brother, and John Richardson Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £31,586. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses to his wife, and subject thereto he leaves all his property, upon trust, for her during her life, and then to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 18, 1897) of Mrs. Jane Ramsbotham, widow, of Crowborough Warren, Crowborough, Sussex, who died on Dec. 22, was proved on Jan. 24 by Richard Hugh Ramsbotham, Edward Geoffrey Ramsbotham, and Herward Ramsbotham, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £20,698. The testatrix gives £10,000, upon trust, to develop her Crowborough Warren estate; £250 to her nephew James Ramsbotham; and her property at Birmoor, Oxford, is to follow the same trusts as that of the property

LYCEUM.—PETER THE GREAT, by Laurence Irving, at 8. LAST SEVEN PERFORMANCES. HENRY IRVING, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, Feb. 9, at 2 (Theatre closed at night). MADAME RANGENEY every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, commencing Feb. 14. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE every Thursday and Friday, and Matinee Saturdays, commencing Feb. 17. THE HELL'S and WATERLOO every Saturday Night, commencing Feb. 19. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5, and 7.30 to 10. Seats Booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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This fair child, who, in the flesh, has rosebud cheeks, fresh complexion, bright laughing eyes, and plump chubby limbs, is said to be a little cherub who looks "The Picture of Health." We thus clearly see that the possession of Health is deemed a natural result to the appearance of it. And we all very well know this to be true. We hardly need to be told that a man or a woman whose Skin is pale or sallow, whose Eyes are sunken, or who is gloomy, irritable, and peevish without assignable cause, has bad Health. We can see it for ourselves.



When the foregoing incipient signs of Disease are neglected, the Appetite gradually fades away, and food will be like a heavy weight at the pit of the Stomach, with a feeling of painful distension. There may be frequent emissions of wind, flatulency, and acidity, and the Stomach may reject the food in a sour fermenting vomit. Pains under the shoulder-blades, and colicky gripings will also afflict the Sufferer.

The Flesh now melts away because the tissues and glandular functions get but little digested food to nourish the body with, and so there is a state of Debility with Loss of Strength, Loss of Energy, and Loss of Vitality.

And there being insufficient combustion of food in the System either to warm it properly or to rid the body of waste products, the Blood is slowly poisoned, the Lungs become affected, and a waste decrepit appearance now characterises the case. The Hands and Feet are cold and clammy, and Night Sweats supervene.

But if the patient takes Guy's Tonic after a small amount of food has been eaten, the digestive functions of the Stomach are so invigorated, their powers are so much amplified and strengthened, that natural healthy Digestion takes place, and healthy peptones of food are formed. Then, thanks to the beneficial aid of Guy's Tonic, these peptones penetrate through the walls of the Stomach and travel by their own routes to the Blood. These principles of nourishment are then carried in the circulation to all the hungry tissues of the body, who seize upon such tiny atoms of nourishment with positive avidity, and at once turn them into new tissue and new life. This is the secret of all Health and Strength—nay, of Life itself.

Nearly all Disease results from lowered vitality and impairment of the processes of Digestion and Assimilation, and as Guy's Tonic, by tonic power, enables vitality to be generated in the body, and as it promotes the functions of Digestion and Assimilation, Health follows its use, as benefit does to the parched earth when watered by rain.

And after a course of Guy's Tonic the rose hue of Health returns to the cheeks, the Skin loses its sallowness, the Eye regains its sparkle, lost Flesh will be recovered by the natural processes of digested nourishment, and the patient is on the high road to Health and Strength, and is grateful for the good Guy's Tonic has done for him.

The Picture of Health and its contrast in either, or both, of its forms, have their counterpart in almost every household in the land, and Guy's Tonic will be warmly welcomed by the sufferers for whose use and benefit it was particularly framed. Unequalled as a curative tonic and digestive medicine, Guy's Tonic has also an especially valuable stimulating effect upon the Liver. It is stated with positive certainty that no case of Stomach and Liver disease can fail to be benefited by the use of Guy's Tonic, and its altero-tonic effects are so markedly manifest that every function of the body participates in the increased energy and restorative power imparted. Delay is proverbially dangerous, remember that a few doses of Guy's Tonic now may obviate the need for as many bottles later on, if the disorder is allowed to drift, as is too often the case, from bad to worse. Guy's Tonic can be obtained of any Chemist, and those who have not experienced its great benefits are asked to try it at once, in the confident belief that it will do them a world of good in insuring Health and Vigour.



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And Guy's Tonic Co., 12, Buckingham Palace Road, London, W.C., have a little book entitled "Guy's Guide to Digestion," which tells you "What to Eat and What to Avoid," with a diet table and tabulated chart of how long foods take to digest. And another little book contains Two Hundred Brief Letters of Telling Testimony from some of those who have used Guy's Tonic and experienced its benefits. These people tell you how they obtained Relief and Cure, when suffering from Indigestion, Sluggish Liver, Nervousness, and Kindred Ailments. These two little books will be sent you post free on application if you name *The Illustrated London News* when writing.

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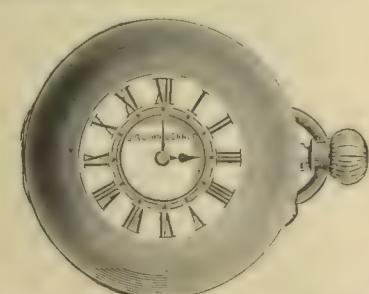
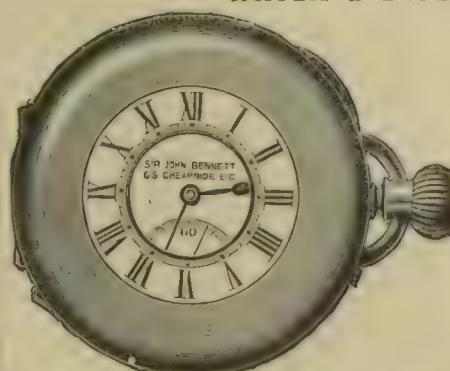
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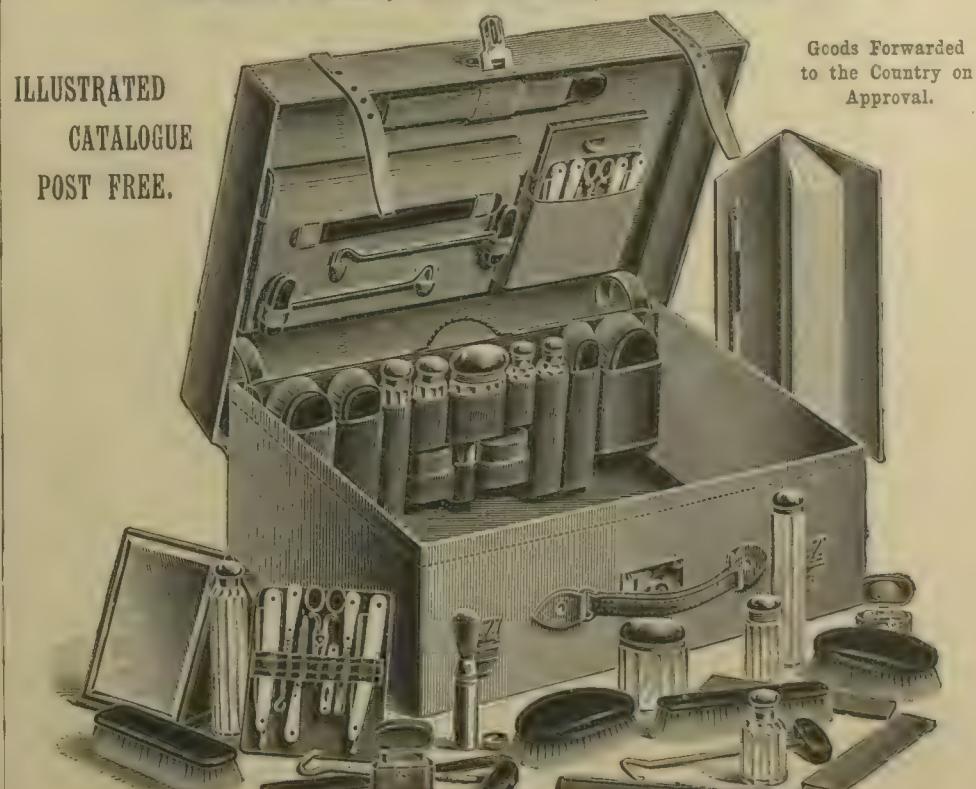
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of her deceased father over which she has a power of appointment. The residue of her real and personal estate, including the funds of her marriage settlement, amounting to about £10,000, she leaves to her six sons, Thomas, Fielden, Richard, Philip, Geoffrey, and Herwald. Under the powers of the will of her father, Joshua Fielden, she appoints £9400 to all her children except her son Richard; £10,000 each, upon trust, for her daughters, Mrs. Alice Fielden Walker and Mrs. Frances Davies; £7500 each, upon trust, for her sons Philip and Richard; £5000 each, upon trust, for her sons Thomas, Fielden, and Geoffrey; £6000, upon trust, for her son Thomas; and the ultimate residue of his real and personal estate to her six sons, Thomas, Fielden, Richard, Philip, Geoffrey, and Herwald.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1894), with two codicils (both dated Dec. 6, 1897), of Colonel George Chancellor Collyer, of 88, Kensington Gardens Square, who died on Dec. 14, was proved on Jan. 19 by General John Heron Maxwell Shaw - Stewart, William John Collyer, and Andrew Alexander Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,663. The testator gives his pictures, prints, and miniatures to his daughter, Mary Catharine Bedingfeld Shaw-Stewart; his silver plate, wines, and books to General Shaw-Stewart; his house, 88, Kensington Gardens Square, with the furniture therein, to his granddaughters, Mary Winifred Shaw-Stewart and Katharine Bedingfeld Shaw-Stewart; £50 each to his executors, and a few small legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon certain

trusts, for his daughter, her husband, and their four children.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of Office of the Commissariot of Argyll, of the last will and general settlement (dated June 4, 1892) of Lady Mary Ann Riddell, widow of Sir Thomas Milles Riddell, Bart., of Kilcamb, Strontian, Argyll, who died on July 22 last, granted to Evan Luke Hodgson, Miss Sarah Hodgson, Miss Fanny Hodgson, Miss Jane Hodgson, and Harold Hodgson, the executors nominate, was ressealed in London on Jan. 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £11,584.

The will (dated Feb. 22, 1891) of Mr. Thomas Williams Angell Evans, J.P., of Rumsey House, Kidwelly, Carmarthen, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Jan. 20 by George Fletcher Jones and Rowland Browne, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £10,841. The testator gives £50 to his wife, and his executors are to pay to his son, George Blathwayt Evans, such an annual sum as, with any interest he may take under the wills of Edmund Blathwayt and Benedict Angell Angell, will make up £200 per year. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her death as to one moiety thereof, as she shall by deed or will appoint, to their children, and in default thereof and as to the other moiety to his children in equal shares.

The will of Captain George Stanley Williams, of The Coppice, Queenborough, Leicester, who died on Dec. 2,

was proved on Jan. 13 by Joseph Grout Williams, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £4001.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of the Right Hon. Alice, Countess of Lathom, of Lathom House, Ormskirk, Lancashire, who died on Nov. 23, intestate, were granted on Jan. 24 to the Right Hon. Edward, Earl of Lathom, the husband, the value of the personal estate being £363 0s. 9d.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition of Sir John Gilbert's collected works has been a pleasant surprise for those who anticipated that his art would not lend itself to a "one man show." The Water Colour Society's gallery has seldom worn a more attractive face than that which its late President's work gives to the walls. Sir John Gilbert was essentially a colourist, and if his palette was limited, he knew how to draw from it effects which other artists fail to do with a far wider range of colour. Moreover, he was an excellent landscape-painter, imbued with the healthy tradition of David Cox, whose influence is discernible in more than one of his most effective pictures. His "Standard Bearers" and "Trumpeters" always showed some novelty of treatment, and were often vigorously drawn as well as richly coloured. But it is not upon these that his future fame will rest, but rather upon those works in which he allowed his fancy and love of nature free scope. The spirited



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Give it a dose of plain cod-liver oil.

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Again, give it the stuff the chemist says is "just as good."

Ugh! Same scene.

Again, give it Scott's Emulsion.

Ah! Eyes open in wonder. Tongue tries to find some more on the little lips. Mouth opens, baby laughs, scene closes with a contented kick and a wriggle, and baby goes to sleep.

In a few days baby will tell you when the time comes to take it—and often when it is not time. And all the while baby is getting fatter and rosier, and kicks and wriggles with more strength.

Do you mean to say that baby does not know?

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By Capt. Frzd. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheik, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS,

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

picture representing the first appearance of "Gipsies in France" is an embodiment of the old *chanson*—

Sorciers, bateleurs, ou filous,
Gais Bohémiens, d'où venez-vous?

and carries the spectator with it as few of his battle pieces do. At the same time one cannot but recognise the swing and energy depicted in the battles of the Standard and Marston Moor, and in the more modern side of warfare as seen in "Bringing Up the Guns." It was probably Sir John Gilbert's early career which gave him this taste for processions, ceremonies, and brilliant crowds; and this was strengthened by the semi-historical work he had to do in illustrating the Staunton Shakspere, which called into requisition his talents as a draughtsman. Such pictures as "Duncan's Horses" (16)

Contending 'gainst obedience as they would
Make war upon mankind,

and the untrodden snow of "Hohenlinden" (41), lighted by the torches of the advancing troops, show Gilbert in a more imaginative mood, and it is not his least happy one. But we incline to think that such as "A Guide Through the Forest" (24), "The Leaves of Autumn" (29), of all hues, "Green, Gold and Red," and other studies of sylvan glades will be regarded as his most lasting work. It was a happy thought which inspired the hanging committee to place side by side his first exhibited work, "The Arrest of Hastings," and the "Return from the Raid,"

which more than sixty years later was left unfinished on his easel.

The announcement that the Government proposes to take a vote of £10,000 to begin work on Mr. Aston Webb's design for the South Kensington Museum will be received with general satisfaction. Too many years have been allowed to pass without a fitting habitation for the priceless treasures accumulated within the last forty years. If this decision is due to the urgent representations of the committee appointed last Session, we can but express the hope that it will not be dissolved before some further reforms are effected. Of these the most absolutely pressing is the separation of the Museum from the administration of the unwieldy grant now made for "Science and Art." Last year something like three-quarters of a million sterling was placed at the disposal of the authorities acting avowedly under the direction of that mysterious body, the "Lords of the Committee of Council on Education," which we have the Vice-President's authority for declaring to be non-existent. How is it possible for any chief, however carefully trained and specially selected, to be able to superintend the annual disposal of £165,000 for the encouragement of science, £82,000 for the spread of art, not to mention £232,000 for payments on account of drawing in elementary schools and training colleges? In addition to the varied knowledge which the due apportionment of such vast sums involves, he has to look after the

collections at the South Kensington and the Bethnal Green Museums, and is responsible—theoretically, at least—for similar institutions in Scotland and Ireland, with a complete knowledge of solar physics and botany apparently thrown in. Never, perhaps, has such a chaos of duties ever been thrown into one department, and it is no wonder that complaints are raised that "they order these things better in France" and in Germany, or any other country.

The course of lectures on Delphi which Miss Jane Harrison has undertaken to deliver at the Passmore Edwards Settlement will derive special attraction from the circumstance that the most recent discoveries made by the French school at Athens will be passed in review, illustrated by fifty original photographs, generously furnished by its director, M. Homolle. Miss Harrison is known among Hellenic scholars as holding often original views on the meaning of ancient myths and their bearing upon the religious development of the Greeks. The first beginnings of the Delphic oracle probably reach back farther than the most persistent excavator will burrow, but the various cults of which Delphi was the centre or the seat at a later date may be traceable. The commonly received idea that the Delphic priestesses were worshippers of Dionysos was doubtless true for a time, but by degrees the worship of Apollo, who appears as the patron and inspirer of art, would seem to have absorbed all other forms of cult.

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2..	3 0	by 7 6..	7 0..	11 9 0..	10 13 6	by 10 6.. 15 3.. 24 0
3..	9 0	by 9 0..	8 6..	13 6 11..	12 0.. 15 3.. 24 0	20
4..	10 6	by 7 6..	8 9..	13 9 12..	13 6	by 12 0.. 17 0.. 27 0
5..	10 6	by 9 0..	10 0..	15 6 13..	15 0.. 19 0.. 32 0	0
6..	12 0	by 9 0..	11 6..	18 0.. 14..	18 0.. 22 0.. 36 0	0
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"CHARLOTTE CORDAY," AT THE ADELPHI.
Of "Charlotte Corday," the Revolution melodrama, now staged at the Adelphi, we have already spoken on its original production at the Grand, Islington. A mere bit of stage mechanism, clumsily constructed and poorly written, it is of interest merely for its picturesque presentation of certain features of the French Revolution and for the good acting opportunities it affords that fine player, Mr. Kyrle Bellew. Mrs. Potter, on the other hand, satisfies us in the title rôle only from a pictorial point of view; her artificial method and the slow intoning of her speeches leave us utterly unconvinced and rather wearied. Many of the minor parts are filled by competent new-comers.

Mr. Vibart makes a fervent artist-lover, and Mr. W. T. Lovell lends charm and ease to the rôle of the great painter David. We like, too, the old aristocrat of Mr. Luigi Lablache and the Abbé of Mr. Everill. Mr. Bellew's fine Marat we have already praised.

The Hon. Alice Coralie Glyn is a woman of word and deed. The social theories about which she has spoken and written she has been able to put partly into practice by the establishment of the Camelot Club, for the use and pleasure of young women in such employment as that of clerks or of typewriters. The club-house is in Queen's Square, and as its members are busy people in the

evenings of the week-days, it will open its doors only on Sunday. Lord Beaconsfield has often made his characters complain of the dullness of a London Sunday; and the complainants had generally, it must be owned, the solace of a club. But there are degrees of dullness; and the young woman now cooped in crowded families or in lonely lodgings is likely to find her spirits elevated by her new quarters. Miss Glyn, who is Lord Wolverton's sister, is herself a member of the Pioneer Club.

Mr. Jabez Balfour, now undergoing sentence of penal servitude for the "Liberator" Company frauds, was brought up for examination at the Bankruptcy Court last week, and gave some account of his estate since the date of his going to Buenos Ayres.

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